National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT...WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. XIII. NO. 39. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1853. WHOLE NO. 663.

Published weekly, on Thursday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 Nassau street, New-York. Terms, Two Dollars per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by Norris & Johnston, printers, No. 21 Spruce street.

Selections.

THE JERRY RESCUE TRIALS.

CONCLUSION OF THE TRIAL OF ENOCH REED.

Thursday Morning, Jan. 27, 1853.

Court convened at nine o'clock, and the names of the Jury were called. The Judge requested those jurors who were not empanneled in this case to leave the court room, that they might not hear the evidence, and also advised them not to read the published reports of the trial.

Henry Huckman sworn — Reside in Syracuse; was at the police office on the 1st of October; saw Enoch Reed there about seven o'clock in the evening; I stood in front of the police office about the middle of the street; I saw some men standing there, coloured and white men, with something in their hands; Enoch had a brick or stone or something like that; some one said "now" and what they held held in their hands was thrown at the police office; Enoch threw too; I heard the glass rattle; I saw him afterwards go in at the hall door of the office with a club in his hand, about three feet long; I had known him before that; that was all I saw him do.

Cross-examined—I am a boat-builder; work in John Durstan's yard; have worked there four years; live on Burnet street, No. 98; have lived there all the time, some distance below Marshal Allen's house, on the same street; I know Marshal Allen; I became adquainted with Enoch a few weeks after I came to Syracuse, when I lived at the Lock; I never had any business with Reed; don't know where he lives, or what his business is; never conversed with him, no more than to speak to him in the store (Castle and Johnston's store); saw him there several times; he is not employed there, but is there occasionally; I was standing close by the side of Enoch in the centre of the street; I was looking on; had no stones in my hand; this was soon after 7 o'clock; I saw no one go into the building; I got back to Castle and Johnson's store about half-past 7 o'clock; there were people inside of the office; I went back to the office as soon as I saw Reed go into the door; did not hear Enoch speak: he had nothing but a stone, I saw it plainly; do not know whether it was a stone or a brick; saw it before he raised it; he was standing in front of me and beside me; he was not six inches from me; I think seven or eight men threw stones, saw them all throw; it was too dark to see the stone go, but I heard the glass rattle; did not notice his dress; did not know whether he had a hat or cap on, or whether he had whiskers; he looked as he always does; when he threw the stone his back was towards me; I had been in front of him before then; he threw in five minutes after I was before him; I saw the stones in their hands before and after I was in front of him; I got back of them to get out of the way; I was in front of them several times; I did not recognise any one else; I saw bricks and stones in the hands of several before they threw; I told of it at Castle and Johnson's when I got back, and never expected to hear of it again; don't know where Reed went after he went in; I told Castle about it and Ash Johnston stood by, they told me to keep still; think it was Castle told me to keep still and say nothing about it; Castle and Johnson are grocers; I was standing close to the door of the police office when Reed went in; it was about ten minutes after he threw the stone; he had a club stick in his hand, it was not a cane, it was not so long as a cart stake, unless it had been sawed off; did not see him after, until about 9 o'clock; he came to Castle and Johnson's store; did not have any conversation with him there; did not see Reed between the time of throwing the stones and the time Reed went into the office; I went up to the door to look in; I looked into the hall door; did not see any stones thrown but once; saw nothing but folks in the hall; did not know any one there; I know where the door to the office is; the passage way was full of people standing there; Reed was not in his shirt sleeves, he had something on, but what it was I can't say; he had some kind of a dark coat on; I am sure he was not in his shirt sleeves; could not tell whether it was a linen or woollen coat; do not know whether he had a vest or a cravat on at the store; did not see any difference in his dress either time I saw him.

B. L. Higgins sworn—Was at the police office on the first of October; was an Alderman of the city at that time; I saw Enoch Reed there; about 8 o'clock, I saw him standing at the door-window nearest the canal, after it was broken down, and after they had rushed in, I was there by the side of him on the platform; I had not seen him inside; he stood in the door talking to those around him; he had a stick or club three or four feet long in his hand; did not see him do anything with the club; this was about half a minute before Jerry was brought out; the crowd was in the office; Reed was making such remarks as, "be ready, they will have him out in a minute;" did not see him after that; know him him well by sight; knew him about a year previous to that time; the lights were out; the *Journal* office is above the police office, and was lighted up; I knew Enoch's voice; he had no coat on; this was about 8 o'clock in the evening, but am not able to fix the precise time; do not know whether there were any lights in the harness shop; there were lights above; it was at the north window I saw Reed; I was in the daguerreotype business at that time and had been for some time before; I have not resided at Syracuse for five or six weeks; reside now in New York; am engaged in the same business; did not continue in that business until I left Syracuse; have seen Reed frequently in the streets; run foul of him at various times; don't remember the first place I run foul of him; have seen him at Waggoner's grocery; don't know that I ever spoke to him previous to that affair; don't recollect but that one time we might have talked half a minute; think I have heard him talk once at Meldram's meat market; think Mr. Cardner of the Arcade Saloon was with me; think they talked about carrying meat; think Reed carried meat about the city; this was a year ago last winter, after the rescue; have heard him talk on the corners of the streets; think I heard him near Tyler's store; did not notice who he was talking with or what he was saying; I asked Jordan if that was Reed; knew his name was Enoch, but did not know his other name; think this was about two years ago; I had heard a great deal about Reed, but did not know him; never took his daguerreotype; never had any business with him; have heard him talk as I passed him several times, but never stopped to have any conversation with him; don't know that there is anything remarkable in his voice or pronunciation; he was talking rather louder than his usual tone, when I heard him at the police office, I heard him say "be ready," that was one distinct remark; he also said, "he will be out in a minute;" don't recollect which remark he made first; don't recollect anything else he said distinctly; could not say that he said anything else; he stood by the door sill, outside of the door, close by the sill; he stood there about 15 seconds; he was facing the south, towards the street; I did not speak to him; I spoke to the crowd; I was facing the north when I spoke; there were lights in the *Journal* office; the office is in the third story; a doctor's office was in the second story; no lights there; there was a number of people looking out of the printing office; I looked up at the windows when I passed off the platform; don't know whether the light shone down upon Reed from the printing office, light will reflect, and if light there was at all, it got there by reflection; don't know as light got there at all; there was a city lamp lighted on the south-west corner of Salina and Water streets; I think I saw that lighted before I went to the police office, I am confident that lamp was lighted; I can't swear positive; I have the impression that the city lamps were lighted that night; before I saw Reed I was in the office, he was in his shirt sleeves at the the time I saw him; I think he had a calico shirt; could not tell whether it was calico or silk, it was not white linen or cotton; could not tell whether he had a vest; he had a low-crowned wool hat; I did not distinguish him by his dress; could see his dress well enough to tell what it was; could distinguish his features, don't know that I spoke to him; did not see any one else that I knew, at that time; I was in the office when the windows were broken in, a number of others were there; Fitch, Swift, Woodruff, Jerry, Marron, Cobb, and others, were there; I stood near the south door window when the windows were broken in, on the south side of the railing; I was not there when they commenced the breaking in; I was then sitting in a chair about the centre of the room; they were from two to four minutes breaking in; I think they first entered at the north window; saw a number come in; they came in just as the lights were put out; saw one man that I knew, it was James Clapp, that is the only one that I speak of positively, he came in at the south door; I think that door was broken down by an axe; Clapp was the first man who came in; did not see any one else come in at that window; I stood close by the window that Clapp came in at, it was on the south side of the railing; the railing separates the door; I saw Jones clinch Clapp, and the lights were put out just at that moment; there was much noise then, and breaking down of partitions; stones were thrown in, and stones were brought inside and thrown; I saw stones thrown in by persons standing in the door; the stones stopped when the partition was broken down; I saw bars of iron come through the doors; I passed through the railing near the north door to go out, but did not go out because I thought it rather risky business; I went out of the door when Clapp came in; part of the partition was broken down before I went out; I passed to the north door of the building along the platform; as I passed along I recognised some persons; I have been sworn in relation to this matter before; I have not stated the occurrence now as I did then; when I was sitting in the chair they commenced breaking the door, I was sitting nearly under the gas lights, outside of the railings of the desk; I saw Mr. Ira Cobb inside of the railing, nearly under the gas light; I ran to the south side of the room; the crowd were then at work breaking down both doors; I remained there until both doors were broken down; I saw Mr. Clapp come in at the south door window; saw Jones clinch him. Clapp told him to let "loose of him;" the lights were put out about the time Clapp got in; I went over to the north door, made only one or two steps, and just got to the railing, and a pistol shot was fired by some person entering the building by the north door; the next that attracted my attention was pistols shots fired from the back room; the door was opened five or six inches and I saw a man's hand with a pistol; as the pistol went off there was considerable light in the room; I went nearly to the north door to go out, the crowd was rushing up pretty fast, stones were thrown; I turned and went back to the south door and went out, and passed along to the north door, where I saw Reed; I hallooed to the crowd to "stand back or they would all be shot," or something to that effect; there was a great deal of noise, and Jerry was fetched out in a minute or two; I did not stop there, I left the door and passed back on the platform; after Jerry had been brought out and was rushing down the street, I saw Lyman House and Jones and Clapp; I passed down the street and the crowd were carrying Jerry off; I overtook them near where Wheaton's Hardware store is; they were on the walk; it was there I ran foul of Mr. Summers; I saw a man standing under the gas light with his hand raised; I saw a short, thick-set negro throw stones as he came in at the north door; I thought they were aimed at me; the last one hit me on the leg; the first pistol shot was fired at that time; did not forget this when I told the story before; did not mention names of persons; don't remember anything more; I have no recollection that I swore at Auburn; I went out of the north door; things were then fresher in my recollection; don't think I swore positive that I went out of the north door.

I swore at Auburn that I got a stick of wood to defend myself with when the fracas first commenced. It strikes me that I made some use of the stick; can't tell what I did with it; I said two stones were aimed at me, and one hit me; I dodged the motion, but did not see the stones.

A personal discussion took place between Mr. Sedgwick and the Judge, in relation to the questions put to the witness.

Mr. Lawrence said he should object to going into such extended examination.

Gen. Nye was very much obliged to the Judge for his suggestions, and especially to the District Attorney for his notice; but it was material for the defence to discredit the witness from his own mouth. They desired to show that the witness had sworn, at Auburn, that he dodged a stone, when it was too dark to know a stone from a pick-axe.

The discussion was continued some time, and became quite personal.

Cross-examination—I do not recollect swearing at Auburn that I dodged the stone; I saw the man come in the door as I was going to it, and saw his hand raised, and I jumped near the wall; I was just passing through the railing; heard the stone strike something; think I swore at Auburn in regard to Enoch Reed; I think I testified at Auburn as to what I saw Reed do, and heard him say, that evening; I think I testified at Auburn that Enoch Reed raised a club at me, and Shuart prevented him from striking me; I believe I swore at Auburn that I heard him say something; think I testified at Auburn that Reed said "why don't you stand back yourself," or something of that kind; he raised a club and Shuart prevented him from striking; don't think I stated at Auburn that Reed said "be ready," or anything of that kind; don't know whether I spoke of Reed in direct examination or in an affidavit; the affidavit was made in the District Attorney's office from my statement, a week or ten days, perhaps, after the occurrence; I read and understood the affidavit before I swore to it; I think Lawrence read that affidavit on my examination at Auburn; it was also read at Buffalo before the Grand Jury; it was published in some paper, I presume correctly; I was called upon the stand at Auburn and sworn; my affidavit was read over by the District Attorney; I was then asked if that affidavit was correct; I expect Enoch Reed did raise a club to strike me on that occasion; he was standing in the north door at the time; Shuart took hold of him, and said, "what are you about?" that's all there was about it; I can give no particular reason for not stating this in my former testimony; when I first went through the testimony, I thought nothing of it; I was not asked as to that point, and it had escaped my mind, as well as other circumstances; I think in my other examinations I have testified that I heard hallooing, &c.; I think I have never before stated in court that I heard Enoch Reed say "be ready;" it was always in my recollection; I cannot tell why I suppressed it; I could tell whether a man was white or black when he was coming in the door of the office after the lights were put out; could not tell the colour across the room; if a man stood in the door, I could tell his colour; I could not tell whether the man who threw the stone at me was a blacked white man or not, but he was black; it is not more than ten rods from the lamp at the Climax House corner to the door which was broken in; Clapp was the only one I distinguished; when I said "I have not stated the facts now as I did before," I meant that I had not gone over the whole ground, and detailed all the circumstances; I was not examined in reference to Reed's case at Auburn, he had not been arrested then; I was examined before the Grand Jury, my affidavit was read to me, and that principally constituted my examination; I was somewhat frightened at the commencement of the fracas; the man who aimed the stones at me stood directly in the north door; he was coming in the door.

I should think the top of the lamp at the Climax corner is a little lower than the platform; the lamp is at least ten feet high; the platform is three feet and one half above the grade of the street; at the time my affidavit was made, I think no one had been arrested; the affidavit was made more in reference to the case of Summers and Clapp; they were the ones I knew most about; I am pretty sure Clapp's name is in that affidavit; Reed had no connection with either Summers or Clapp, to my knowledge; I did not mean to go into a full account of the transaction.

I answered the questions put by Gen. Lawrence.

Franklin B. Hicks sworn—I reside in Syracuse; saw Reed at the Police Office on the night of the rescue, on the platform of the building; he had a stick in his hand larger than a cane, between two and three feet long; it was as large as my wrist, and smallest at one end; this was about half past 7; and before the lights were put out, and before the crowd broke in; I was in the office; I did not see him do anything with his club; do not recollect of seeing him at any other time; I was at the office when Jerry was brought back; I did not see Enoch; I was not at the Commissioner's office; I don't recollect seeing Enoch do anything to resist the officers; think he was in his shirt sleeves; could not tell what kind of a shirt; whether it was dark or white; the first time I knew him, he worked for my father, six or seven years ago; I stood close by him when I saw him with the club; there was loud talking at that time; this was half an hour before the crowd broke in; I went to the Police office about the time Jerry was taken there; I was there about an hour, and then went home, and got back about 7 o'clock, and stayed there until Jerry was taken away; I was in the office before the court broke up; out and in several times; I know Reed perfectly well.

No cross-examination.

Robert Barret sworn—Reside in Syracuse; was at the police office on the night of the rescue of Jerry; saw Enoch Reed there; knew him before and then; knew him for three or four years; saw him there between 6 and 7 o'clock, on and off the steps; saw him first on the ground and afterwards on the steps; I saw him break a window; can't tell what with; he had something in his hand; can't tell whether it was a stick or what it was; he struck the window; did not see him strike but once; heard the glass rattle; I did not say anything to him; I was about six feet from him; saw him afterwards on the platform; do not know whether the court had adjourned or not; there were lights in the office when he struck; this was about three-quarters of an hour after I first saw him; I stayed there until they took Jerry out; he struck about ten or fifteen minutes before Jerry was taken out; the crowd broke in the office about the time Enoch struck; the crowd sung out "break in;" Enoch struck after the crowd said "break in;" the window next to the canal was the one he struck; don't recollect how he was dressed; saw him after he struck on the platform; he was doing nothing; this was shortly after he struck and before Jerry was brought out; did not see him again after that.

Cross-examination—I reside at No. 30 Adams street, Syracuse; I have lived in Syracuse two years, and in the vicinity (Geddes) 22 years; I have been on the State scow the two last years; have been in Syracuse winters; not doing anything; I saw Mr. Spaulding, Babcock, Wiley, Ormsby, Vanderbilt and Richard Joy, on the steps; I saw Mr. Babcock and Mr. Spaulding at the time Enoch struck; they worked with me on the State scow; I saw Ormsby at the door of the police office; Vanderbilt was there also keeping the crowd back; I had no acquaintance with Reed except to see him in the street up to that time; I do not know where he lives or what his employment is; believe he boats; never had any business with him; had spoken to him before then, at Castle & Johnson's and John Richie's; had seen him at those places several times; did not hear him say anything at that time; don't know where he went; there was a crowd of people on the steps; don't recollect of any light being out doors at the time; there was a light in the police office; the light shone on people on the steps; the lights were burning in the office until they were turned out; there was no difficulty in identifying people on the steps at that time; heard pistols fired on the inside after the crowd had broke in; two or three shots were fired; it was only a minute or two after they commenced breaking before they got in; I think the lights were put out in a short time after the pistols were fired; I should think it was three minutes after they commenced breaking in until the lights were put out; did not see any one else striking; did not see any one else make an effort to break in; there were others there with clubs or something in their hands; I can't tell whether Enoch had a coat, cap, hat or frock on; could not tell whether he was bare-headed or not; do not know whether he wore whiskers or not; did not hear him say anything; I stood partly behind him; rather on the south side of him, nearer the south window; they were breaking the other window at the same time; don't know how the other window was broke; I did not look at it; the light shone through that also; I am sure there were no blinds up at the window nearest the canal at any time when I saw them; the lights inside were gas, and the windows large; double windows; I did not notice what dress Enoch had on; I suppose I might have seen if I had noticed; I think I was sober that night; I don't know of any excursion going on that night that I should be drunk; I have never been examined in regard to this; have been subpœnaed twice; I was on the steps until the pistols were fired, and then I went towards the bridge; I think I went on the bridge.

The District Attorney asked Reed to stand up, and enquired if the witness recognised him. He said he did.

Mr. Sedgwick enquired how he recognised Reed, and the witness answered "by his face."

The court then adjourned until half past 3 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Francis M. Green sworn—I reside in Syracuse; I know Enoch Reed; have known him four or five years; I was at the Police office on the night of Oct. 1st; saw Enoch there; saw him in the Police office, about 8 o'clock; before the rescue, the crowd were trying to break down the partition in the back part of the office; Enoch had a cart stake in his hand pounding away at the door of the back room; the door was partly open; he struck more than one blow; I think the lights were out; I was there to take care of Jerry; I recognised Enoch; Mr. Fitch, Charles Woodruff, Orrin Welch were in the room, and kept Enoch and others out; we were all in the back room; this was a few minutes before Jerry was taken out; I remained in the room until Jerry was taken out; Chas. Woodruff was there also; he was hurt; there were others there, but I don't recollect who; did not see Enoch do anything else; do not recollect seeing him before that time; I was in the back room all the time; I was requested to assist the Marshal; I spoke to the crowd, told them to "stand back," "keep away," &c.

Cross-examination—I live at No. 22 East Washington street; am a bar-tender; I am not engaged at present; I was employed at that time at the Verandah, in the cellar of the Bastable Block; I was at Mr. Bowen's four or five months; I was at the Red Jacket, kept by J. H. Rector, opposite the Post Office; I was employed there until I came down here last Monday; Mr. Allen employed me to assist about four o'clock on the afternoon of the rescue; I stayed at home that night; I know Joseph A. Allen; I do not recollect seeing him next morning; I recollect telling Mr. Allen that I could not recognise any one at the rescue; have no recollection of conversing with Mr. Allen, or telling him that I could not recognise any one; I say I did not tell him so; don't think I have said so to any other person; I was in the Police office the whole evening; I went into the back room with Jerry at the time the first stone was thrown through the window; it was before the examination was adjourned; Chas. Woodruff went with me; there were others there; I don't recollect who I did not leave there; Woodruff went into the other room, but I think he did not go out of the building; the attack on the back room was first made near the door, if not on it; I was in the back room near the door; don't recollect whether Marshal Fitch was there at that time or not; I could not tell when he came in; the first I saw of him was when the door was first opened; he was then right in front of the door, and I was at his right hand; the door was then wide open; he had not fired his pistol at the time; he fired in a short time after that; I don't recollect that the door was shut again; the light in the back room was burning, and shining into the front room; I saw Loguen and Wandell there; I know Loguen when I see him; know him as well as I do Reed; I am as sure I saw him there as that I saw Reed; Loguen was standing right in front of the door; Reed was standing at his right hand close to him; Wandell was at the right hand of Reed, but a little further back; I did not recognise any other persons; Reed hallooed "let him out" three or four times; that was all I took any notice of; I was near Fitch when he fired; dont recollect whether I shut up my eyes when Reed fired; there was no firing before Fitch's that I heard; Chas. Woodruff did not push Jerry up to the door and tell them to take him; Jerry was up at the door and told the crowd to stop, he wouldn't be harmed, and they needn't make any fuss on his account; don't know whether that was before Fitch fired; the light in the back room was burning at that time; Jerry stepped up to the door when he spoke; he was in full view of those in front of the door; those in the back room stood around him; they did not have hold of him; I was as sober then as you (Mr. Sedgwick) are now; the riot was still going on in the outer room; they paid no regard to what Jerry said; made no reply to it; he went back again and shouted "here I am, don't hurt me;" don't remember whether the lights were burning at this time or not; I requested him to stop; then down came the platform and out went Jerry.

I do not remember seeing anybody else enter the room; do not know how Jerry was taken out or whether he went out himself; did not get under any box; don't know of any desk in the room; believe there was a table there; did not get under that; the light was near the partition and the door was near the north side of the room; the back room extended the whole length of the police office; the door swung to the right into the police office.

O. C. Shuart recalled—The District Attorney asked him if he saw any one raise a club to strike Higgins?

Counsel for defence objected on the ground that Shuart had already been examined.

The Judge overruled the objection and the examination proceeded.

I saw somebody raise a club to strike Ben. Higgins, but don't know who it was that was at the door towards the canal; told the man that "that was an Alderman;" some young man standing by said "hit him;" I said, young man, you don't know what you are about; don't know whether the man was white or black; the young man was a white man; heard part of Higgins' testimony this forenoon; think there was light enough to recognise a person if I took notice; a man spoke to me since morning, and asked if I recollected that circumstance, and I told him I did; believe the man was Mr. Allen.

Here the case rested on the part of the plaintiff.

Mr. Hillis, counsel for defendant, stated that the testimony on the part of the prosecution was very voluminous, and the counsel have had no time to consult, and desire an opportunity to do so.

The Judge cut Mr. Hillis short in his remarks.

The District Attorney objected to any delay.

The Judge thought it was not proper to adjourn until morning, but he would allow half an hour.

The counsel for defence then intimated their readiness to proceed immediately.

D. D. Hillis asked if the court would allow two Attorneys to sum up on each side.

The District Attorney objected, but

The Judge said he would permit two Attorneys on each side to sum up the first case, but he would not promise it in cases of a like character.

Mr. Sedgwick proceeded to open the case in an able and eloquent speech. No sketch could do justice to his remarks, and we shall endeavour to obtain a full report of the speech for publication.

In the course of Mr. Sedgwick's remark's, he stated that the defence claimed that Jerry was a freeman of the county of Onondago, that there was no proof offered that he was a slave.

The Judge intimated that he understood no such proof had been given, and he intended so to charge the jury.

Gen. Lawrence claimed that it had already been decided that such proof was not necessary; he insisted that the case should be conducted under the fugitive slave law. He said the proof of the ownership of the slave had been laid before the Commissioner, and that was all it was necessary to do.

Mr. Wheaton made a few remarks on the same point, and, after some discussion, Mr. Sedgwick proceeded with his opening remarks.

Sylvester House sworn—I am Police Justice of Syracuse; have been Justice for nearly four years; it was my office that was occupied at the examination of Jerry; was at the office most of the time; was there when Jerry was brought in; had been out 15 or 20 minutes and returned just as the Commissioner announced the adjournment; the shutters to the windows were put up half or three-quarters of an hour after the adjournment; several stones had been thrown in; the windows were broken in; had gone out to see who threw the stones; saw one man throw a stone and I brought him into the office; think Ormsby was with me; then put up the shutters, but did not consider them safe, and went out again to prevent violence if possible; it was about half an hour after the shutters were put up before they were broken in; supposed putting up the shutters would darken the stoop, and the crowd would go away; but it did not have that effect; at the first attack with clubs, I marched up with two men, and rushed in between them and clinched one of them; told him that he must not break those windows; caught hold of his arm and club; they both had heavy clubs; the man I took hold of was at the north side of the north door; he was the smallest man of the two, and I thought I could stop him; left the other man breaking in the window; left rather sudden; Peter Hornbeck was the other man; he was breaking in at the south side of the door; Hornbeck is a mulatto, about five feet ten inches high; wore a butcher's frock and a black hat; could not tell who the other man was, whether he was white or black; supposed I could find out who he was; when I got in the office, a large man caught hold of me and pushed me quite hard; he was a man about my height, very thick set, and I should think weighed about 225 lbs., and wore a body-coat and a chip hat; I left and went into the office by the hall door; the people in the office were taking care of themselves; heard John Jones say to the crowd they must not come in; they were cracking away at the doors; a rush came up as I was thrust aside; a cry was raised to "bring him out;" there had not been any attack at the south window at the time I was clinched; the south window was broken in with weapons; the pieces had the marks of an axe; saw one man who had broken in at the south door; he said his name was Clapp; Jones called to me and said this is the first man who broke in at this door; they were beating in the windows; heard one or two shots fired inside; went into the hall door, and stood south of the railing; at this time the lights had been turned off, and I could not distinguish the man Jones had in custody.

I saw two men walking side and side through the room; they went to the back partition and commenced striking; the back door was either broken or a little open so the light shone through; they struck the partition and were fired upon from the smaller room; the second shot I thought wounded one of the men; he was striking and I thought was falling; I was watching him, and somebody struck off the gas pipe in the front office, and that extinguished the light in the back room; thought I knew one of the men; it was Peter Hornbeck; suppose these were the two men I had seen before; it was not Hornbeck that I supposed was shot; it was not Enoch Reed; it was a smaller man; Hornbeck is a shade lighter than Reed; there is very little difference, however; should think Hornbeck is an inch the tallest, if he stood straight, but he leans forward; they are both heavy men; know Enoch Reed perfectly well; saw him that evening, after the lights had been turned off, as near as I can remember the third time I went out; saw Enoch in the front hall, between the outer door and the door of the office; they are only a few feet apart; Mr. Shattuck was with me; think this was a few minutes after the lights were put out; cautioned Enoch not to get into the scrape; he spoke to me, and I knew him; took hold of his hands to see if he had any weapon; first put my hands on his shoulders, and then drew them down to his hands; he was backed up against the north wall of the Hall, and there was nothing in his hands; left him and went into the office and did not see him again; that was the first and last I saw of him that day; there was no hall door; it is an open entrance; Hornbeck and his companion were striking pretty hard; could not say they broke the pannels; when I got round in the other side the doors were nearly broken down; there was a large crowd outside of the police office, on the steps and platform and on the ground and bridge; the nearest city lamp was at the Climax House, about 8 rods off; the building is a story above level of Water street; the police office was originally in the second story, but the earth has been raised for a bridge, and brings the police office upon the ground floor.

The Climax House is on a level with Water street; do not think the lamp at the Climax House was lighted; do not think any city lamp was lighted that night; it was not so dark but I could recognise persons out doors; knew Peter Hornbeck; there may be a little rise from the steps to the centre of the street; it is down hill to the south; the sidewalk of the bridge is a little above the level of the lowest steps; had occupied the office about two years; had been a police constable several years before I was Police Justice; there were no stones thrown into the office before I started for tea; directed the police officers to keep order, and prevent breaches of the peace, and I was there preserving property; it was about two hours after Jerry was brought back before I went to tea; went out to look for the Commissioner, and when I went back he was there and the examination was going on; about 30 minutes afterwards I started for tea; no stones were thrown then; it had got to be dark then, and I lighted the gas lights; there was no light in the hall; had gone about 30 rods when I turned about; a man told me something that made me think things wanted taking care of; the man was Thomas White; that was the reason I turned back; there was a crowd about the office when I left; they were making some noise; the night was not very dark; did not look to see whether the lamps were lighted; the lamps are generally lighted up on moonlight nights when there is snow on the ground; should have seen some light if the lamps were lighted; my impression is that they were not lighted; took my books over to the Climax House, and I think I should have seen a light if that lamp had been lighted; stones were thrown into the window before I got back to the office.

Court was just adjourned when I got back; from a dozen to fifty stones were thrown in; they were of various sizes; could not find a panel to fit one window, that was the north window; do not know that any panel was broken by the stones; it was about three-quarters of an hour after the adjournment before I put up the shutters; recollect that I could not find the screw to one of the south shutters, and had to have that up; first put up a piece of calico; don't recollect that the panel without the screw fell down soon after it was put up; there were acts of violence committed, and it might have fallen down; it was about half an hour after the shutters were put up when I went out: think I went out with Mr. Wheaton, the mayor; think it was from half an hour to an hour after the shutters were put up when I saw the two men attack the window; did not go on to the ground that time; the planks of the platform are ten feet; was out of the hall from half a minute to two minutes; there was a number of people on the stoop; went on to the stoop and went towards the north door, and saw the two men marching up, they might have been two-thirds of the way on the platform, did not notice them on the steps; was north-east of them, about opposite the north door when I saw them; the doors are six feet apart; took hold of the man farthest from where I stood; he was on the north side; no blow had been struck; they appeared in a hurry; caught hold of the smallest man, a large man took hold of me and pushed me away and ran with me a little distance; think Hornbeck struck the door when I was pushed away; he was in the act of striking when I was pushed away; heard the blow; went back to the office; John Jones was telling the crowd to stay away; don't think there was an entrance made at that time; there were sticks thrust through the window; it was a few minutes after I got back into the office before the crowd came in; think I had been out a second time before the crowd rushed in; cannot say where I was at the moment the doors were broken down; think there was a crowd came in with the two men; did not notice anybody enter the south door; my attention was more particularly directed to the two men; they were nearest to the door of the back room; did not see anybody enter the north door until after the light in the front room was turned out; was about 16 feet from the two men, when I saw them in the office; think I soon heard two pistols fired before those from the back room; could not tell whether the two men I saw were black or white; saw them break the back door in the partition above it; there were others at work on the partition; a crowd of people came in at the time; did not see the plank in the house at the time I saw the two men breaking the back door; don't know what door the two men came in at; the first I saw of the plank it was in use, across my desk, battering down the partition, and several men had hold of it; the plank was about 14 feet long; could see Reed's face and identified him; did not look particularly at his hands; could not identify him by his hands; he backed up in the corner when I saw him; he was not in his shirt sleeves; think he had a coat on, but could not tell whether it was woollen or linen; he stood there when I first saw him; thought he was looking towards me; do not know whether I met him or overtook him; there was no light in the hall; examined his hands because I mistrusted that he would be likely to be engaged in a transaction of that nature; his manner and his backing up in the corner looked suspicious.

The Court adjourned until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

Friday Morning, Jan. 28.

The interest in the trials continues, and the court room was well filled at the opening this morning.

Court convened at 9 o'clock A. M., and after calling the names of the jury, the Judge dismissed the jurors who are not sitting on the case of Reed, with the same injunction in regard to listening to conversations and reading reports as he gave yesterday morning.

Cyrus P. Thompson sworn for defence—Reside at Syracuse; know David S. Geer, the hardware merchant; saw him on the night of the rescue of Jerry; I was standing about three rods from the steps; Geer stood near me when I first saw him; we were nearly in front of the hall door; perhaps a little south; spoke with Mr. Geer; have known him twenty or twenty-five years, we were boys together; when the assault commenced on the office the crowd divided; part went south, and part rushed up to the office; Geer and myself went together a little south; we were together till Jerry was brought out, and he was carried by us; when we stopped we were about six rods from the office; at the time of the assault there was a large crowd about there; very dense crowd in front of the office; could not distinguish colours on the steps from where I stood; don't think I could tell a white from a black man; there were a great many people between us and the police office windows.

Cross-examined—Geer and myself had been standing together five or ten minutes before the rush; conversed with Geer; do not recollect that I knew any one else who stood near me at that time; think I did not hear a pistol fired before we ran; did not see men with a plank in their hands; don't think I heard glass broke before we ran; did not distinguish the glass breaking from other noise; saw no stones thrown; heard noises like stones or clubs striking the shutters; heard the noise before we ran; think I heard the sounds a minute before we ran; don't hardly know what I did run for, wanted to get out of the scrape, was induced to run because of the assault; do not know that I ran before I heard the shutters cracking; cannot swear positively whether the north window was broken in before I ran; we were standing about in the middle of the street; do not remember on which side of Geer I was standing; don't remember which window my attention was directed to; think I saw the lights in the office after we ran; saw the light through the windows that were broken; don't remember which window; don't remember whether I could see light before I ran; think if a man stood by the window and the shutter not up, I could tell whether he was black or white; the distance from where I stood is not over four rods; am not near-sighted; don't remember ever being in the police office when the two lights were burning; we might have been standing 20 or 30 feet from the bridge; about 20 feet or more from the south window; perhaps a little more; I saw a crowd, and could not tell a white man from a black one; was looking at the crowd; saw no one's face in particular; Geer and myself were standing together about five or ten minutes before we ran; the crowd were rushing up before we ran, but did not see anything done; don't recollect seeing a club in any one's hand before we ran; could not swear that it was half a minute after we ran before the windows were broken in; heard two pistols fired; did not go back to the building; after we went away we ran down Clinton street, now quite to Water street, before we stopped; think the moon did not shine that night; have not looked in the almanac; the night was somewhat dark; could not swear positive whether the lamps were lighted.

Jos. A. Allen sworn—Reside in Syracuse; boarded with Mrs. Green at the time of the rescue; she is mother of the witness Green; had conversation with Green the same evening the rescue took place; the conversation was in the hall; had considerable considerable conversation with him; he was the first person I saw after the rescue; in the course of the conversation I asked him if he could recognise any individual engaged in the rescue; he told me that he could not, and did not believe it possible for any one; he said he had seen Marshal Allen since the rescue, and Allen told him he could not recognise any one.

Cross-examined—Think the conversation was before 9 o'clock, that is my impression, but will not be certain; Green's mother, his wife, several boarders and my wife were present at the time; came in and found him at home; asked him to describe the rescue, because I knew he was an officer; he said he was stationed with Jerry in the back room; he said he was very much frightened—that he took Jerry and pushed him out to the crowd; he thought they would all be killed; Jerry was as much frightened as the rest; he said he was never in such a scrape before, and never would be again; he said the slave had escaped; can't locate the points of remembrance of the conversation; he said, in answer to my question, that he could not possibly distinguish individuals there, and did not think it possible for any one to distinguish individuals there; that he had seen Marshal Allen since the rescue, at the Syracuse House, and he had said the same thing; the reason he could not see was because pistols were fired and he was very much frightened; don't know that there is any one else here who heard the conversation; think a first related the conversation to Mr. James Davis, a week or two afterwards; can't recollect at what place; was not at the rescue at all; came in from Thomas Davis; my business was a teacher of music, and connected with a music store; am a teacher of music now; related the conversation to Dr. Clary and Mr. Sedgewick; told it to Mr. Sedgwick a month or so after the rescue; did not then know that Green was a witness; knew that he was one of the officers; never said anything to Mr. Green about it; made no memorandum of it, but remember the substance; think Green was excited when he told me the story; think there were no men present at the time of the conversation.

James W. Loguen sworn—Reside in Syracuse, was at Syracuse the night of the rescue.

Mr. Sedgwick asked Loguen to state the last time he was at the police office that day.

Mr. Wheaton said Loguen was one of the indicted persons, and was probably called to contradict Green, and he objected to his testimony, as the testimony of Green had been called out by the defendants.

The objection was sustained by the Judge, and Loguen left the stand.

The defence rested here, and the District Attorney called

Henry Shattuck sworn—Was at the rescue; was police constable at that time; recollect seeing Mr. House and Enoch Reed in the hall at one time; don't know that I can tell the time precisely; don't remember seeing Reed before that; think it was before very dark, but am not certain as to the time; could see him distinctly; he had a whip in his hand at that time; think it had a lash on; the butt of the whip hung down; it was a small whip; was on the steps part of the time; had left when Jerry was taken away; was on the steps and saw a man (Harrison Allen) and took him to the watch house; thought Allen was assisting in the rescue; was not there when the general rush was made; was gone four or five minutes; there was no gas light in the hall; could see people in the hall; distinguished Enoch and spoke to him; House spoke to him; when I was on the steps before I went to the watch house, there was a great deal of noise and breaking in; it was after dark; Jerry was rescued while I was gone; don't remember the time; it was after dark; I came back to the police office and Jerry was gone; I met the crowd, but could not tell Jerry from the rest of them; it is about a rod and a half from the the bottom of the steps to the centre of the street; perhaps two rods; think the street narrows up from the bridge; the street in front of the police office is an embankment to the bridge; the bridge is thirty feet wide, and the road is no wider as it goes on to the bridge, but it widens towards Water street; the night was neither dark nor light; don't recollect whether the shutters were up to the north window.

Cross-examination—It was a carman's whip that Reed had; he carried it hanging down (a whip was handed to the witness); this looks like the whip Enoch had on that night.

The testimony here closed on both sides.

Mr. Nye then summed up. He said it was understood that this case was brought by the decision of the Judge to the single point of the indictment, charging the prisoner with resisting a United States officer in the discharge of his duty.

The Judge intimated that this was correct, as no proof had been offered to show that Jerry was a slave.

Mr. Nye said he would notice but one point in the opening of the prosecuting Attorney, and that was the one relative to the great importance of this trial. He did not think it was more important than trials for other misdemeanour. The law under which Reed was arrested and tried was no more sacred in its character than other laws, and he could not believe that the Union, which was cemented to the centre by the blood of our revolutionary fathers, would be broken into pieces by the result of this or any other trial of a similar character. Such ideas existed only in the minds of nervous persons and nervous officers. He contended that the fugitive law repealed the law of 1790, and that no such law was on the statute book, and of course the prisoner could not have violated a law which did not exist. The prosecution had claimed at the opening that Jerry was a slave, but not one syllable of proof had been offered to establish the fact, although the District Attorney had paraded his witnesses from Missouri before us, and made large professions of his ability to prove the fact of Jerry's ownership in Missouri. It was necessary in all cases where a prisoner is charged with resisting an officer to show that the process of the officer was genuine, and no offence could be established without such proof. Mr. Nye then proceeded to speak of the gathering of the farmers of the County of Onondaga as well as a State Convention and the consequent confusion. Many of those present had gathered from the country towns, and the appearance of a manacled slave dragged through the streets was a novel and exciting sight. All was excited, the crowd was tremendous, and even Deputy Marshal Allen, who has resided in Syracuse since it was a mudd

while an Anti-Slavery convention was in session. This insulting threat could not fail to arouse the spirit of indignation among the people of that city. They would be less than human could they have heard such an insult with indifference. On the 1st day of October, 1851, the time arrived for putting the threat into execution. A wretch from Missouri, who had been prowling about the city for several weeks, with his companions entered the Cooper's shop where a man named Jerry was industriously engaged earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, seized and handcuffed him, upon false pretences, and carried him before a Commissioner for the avowed purposes of making him a slave. Poor Jerry was not informed of the reasons for his arrest, until completely in the power of his captors, and so horrified was he with the situation that he sprang from his captors in the first hour of his arrest, when escape was almost impossible. Mr. S. was proceeding to detail the particulars of the arrest, and treatment of Jerry, when

Mr. Lawrence objected to the relation of those circumstances to the jury, on the ground that they were not in proof, and the counsel, Mr. S., was not upon oath.

Mr. Smith insisted that the facts were proven and the District Attorney must listen to them. He proceeded with his remarks and alluded to the rescue of Jerry as an act of humanity, and a glorious work, when he was again interrupted by the counsel for the prosecution, and some discussion took place.

The Judge suggested that it was better for the counsel not to interrupt each other. If they overstepped the proper limits in this case the court itself would interfere.

Mr. Smith proceeded with his remarks and was attempting to show that the rescue was a work of humanity, more deserving of praise than punishment, when he was interrupted by the Judge. He abandoned this strain of argument and naked leave to show that the Fugitive Slave Law was unconstitutional. Leave was refused by the Judge on the ground that the prisoner was not on trial under that law.

Mr. Smith said he had come prepared to make a speech upon that point, and the ruling of Judge placed him in most embarrassing circumstances. He proceeded with his appeal to the Jury but was interrupted several times, and finally closed.

Mr. H. G. Wheaton, assistant counsel for prosecution, followed Mr. Smith. He spoke of the tendency of mob law and mob spirit, citing the case of France as an example of the danger of allowing the mobocratic spirit to gain the ascendancy. He alluded to the torn garments and injuries inflicted upon the person of Jerry, and claimed that the outrage had been committed by the friends of Jerry himself. He also alluded to the insult offered the people of Syracuse by dragging a manacled human being through the streets of the city at midday, for the avowed purpose of enslaving him, and claimed that every precaution had been taken to conduct the arrest in such a manner as not to outrage public feeling. The officers had proceeded silently to the workshop of Jerry and had arrested him on another pretence, that even the feeling of his fellow workmen might not be outraged, and he was conveyed in a covered carriage to a private office for examination. These precautions had been taken because Anti-Slavery Orators had been prowling about that vicinity, exciting the minds of the people upon the subject. He spoke of the circumstances attending the arrival of papers for the arrest of Jerry, which he claimed to be a satisfactory reason for his arrest on that day, and was particularly severe upon the "soft-hearted" man who made such loud professions of love and sympathy for the poor black man.

Mr. Wheaton's speech was very lengthy and able, with very little attempt at ornament but very sound and convincing.

At its close the Judge delivered his charge to the Jury. The charge was brief, and was generally regarded as more favourable to the prisoner than was anticipated. The Jury retired about 9 o'clock and the court adjourned until fifteen minutes before 9 o'clock the next morning.

SATURDAY MORNING, Jan. 29.

The Judge entered the Court room fifteen minutes before 9 o'clock, and court was immediately convened.

The crier announced the adjournment of the Court for half on hour.

At half-past 9, the Court was again convened, and the names of the second pannel of petit jurors were called.

Dist. Attorney announced his readiness to go on with another case.

Mr. Wheaton suggested that the jury could not be empannelled before the usual time for dismissing them on Saturday, and it would probably be better not to empannel the jury until Monday morning.

His suggestion was seconded by Mr. Nye, and the Judge adjourned the empanneling until Monday.

At half-past 10 o'clock the jury came into Court, and the foreman stated that they wished to be informed in relation to the testimony of Huckman, which the Judge proceeded to read to the jury from his own minutes.

The foreman requested the Court to remain in session ten minutes, and then retired to deliberate.

In about ten minutes the Jury returned, and the Judge requested those present to remain from any expressions of approbation or disapprobation, on the rendition of the verdict.

The foreman then gave a verdict of GUILTY. The jury were polled, on motion of D. D. Hillis, and each answered guilty in their turn.

They were then discharged.

Mr. Hillis moved for arrest of judgment and a new trial, a hearing of which motion was postponed until Monday morning at 9 o'clock, to which time the court adjourned, his former bail having renewed their bonds for his appearance.

Salmon's case has been notified by the District Attorney as the next after Reed's, should a new trial be granted in Reed's case, however, that will be immediately taken up.—*Onondaga Standard.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1853

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

AT THE

Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, Thursday Evening, Jan. 27, 1853.

WENDELL PHILLIPS came forward, and was received with loud cheering. He presented, from the Business Committee, the following resolution:

Resolved, That the object of this Society is now, as it has always been, to convince our countrymen, by arguments addressed to their hearts and consciences, that slaveholding is a heinous crime, and that the duty, safety and interest of all concerned, demand its immediate abolition, without expatriation.

I wish, Mr. PRESIDENT, to notice some objections that have been made to our course, ever since Mr. GARRISON began his career, and some of which have been lately urged again, with considerable force and emphasis, in the columns of the *London Leader*, the able organ of a very respectable and influential class in England. I hope, Sir, you will not think it waste of time to bring such a subject before you. I know these objections have been made a thousand times; that they have been often answered; though we have generally submitted to them in silence, willing to let results speak for us. But there are times when justice to the slave will not allow us to be silent. There are many in this country, many in England, who have had their attention turned, recently, to the Anti-Slavery cause. They are asking 'which is the best and most efficient method of helping it?' Engaged ourselves in an effort for the slave which time has tested and success hitherto approved, we are, very properly, desirous that they should join us in our labours, and pour into this channel the full tide of their new zeal and great resources. Thoroughly convinced ourselves that our course is wise, we can honestly urge others to adopt it. Long experience gives us a right to advise. The fact that our course, more than all other efforts, has caused that agitation which has awakened these new converts, gives us a right to counsel them. They are our spiritual children: for their sakes we would free the cause we love and trust from every seeming defect and plausible objection. For the slave's sake, we reiterate our explanations, that he may lose no tittle of help by the mistakes or misconceptions of his friends.

All that I have to say on these points will be to you, Mr. President, very trite and familiar; but the facts may be new to some, and I prefer to state them here, in Boston, where we have lived and worked, because if our statements are incorrect, if we claim too much, our assertions can be easily answered and disproved.

The charges to which I refer are these: That in dealing with slaveholders and their apologists, we indulge in fierce denunciations, instead of appealing to their reason and common sense by plain statements and fair argument; that we might have won the sympathies and support of the nation, if we would have submitted to argue this question with a manly patience; but instead of this, we have outraged the feelings of the community by attacks, unjust and unnecessarily severe, on its most valued institutions, and gratified our spleen by indiscriminate abuse of leading men, who were often honest in their intentions, however mistaken in their views; that we have utterly neglected the ample means that lay around us to convert the nation, submitted to no discipline, formed no plan, been guided by no foresight, but hurried on in childish, reckless, blind and hot-headed zeal—bigots in the narrowness of our views, and fanatics in our blind fury of invective, and malignant judgment of other men's motives.

There are some who come upon our platform, and give us the aid of names and reputations less burdened than ours with popular odium, who are perpetually urging us to exercise charity in our judgments of those about us, and to consent to argue these questions. These men are ever parading their wish to draw a line between themselves and us, because *they must be permitted* to wait—to trust more to reason than feeling—to indulge a generous charity—to rely on the sure influence of simple truth, uttered in love, &c. &c I reject with scorn all these implications that *our* judgments are uncharitable—that *we* are lacking in patience—that *we* have any other dependence than on the simple truth, spoken with Christian frankness, yet with Christian love. These lectures, to which you, Sir, and all of us, have so often listened, would be impertinent, if they were not rather ridiculous for the gross ignorance they betray of the community, of the cause, and of the whole course of its friends.

The article in the *Leader* to which I refer is signed 'ION,' and may be found in *The Liberator* of December 17, 1852. The writer is cordial and generous in his recognition of Mr. Garrison's claim to be the representative of the Anti-Slavery movement, and does entire justice to his motives and character. The criticisms of ION were reprinted in the *Christian Register*, of this city, the organ of the Unitarian denomination. The Editors of their paper, with their usual Christian courtesy, love of truth, and fair dealing, omitted all ION's expression's of regard for Mr. GARRISON and appreciation of his motives, and reprinted only those parts of the article which undervalue his sagacity and influence, and endorse the common objections to his methods and views. You will see in a moment, Mr. President, that it is with such men and presses ION thinks Mr. GARRISON has not been sufficiently wise and patient in winning them to help the Anti-Slavery cause. Perhaps, were he on the spot, it would tire even his patience and puzzle even his sagacity to make any other use of them than that of the drunken Helot—a warning to others how disgusting mean vice is. Perhaps, were he here, he would see that the best and only use to be made of them is to let them unfold their own characters, and then show the world how rotten our Politics and Religion are, that they bear naturally such fruit. ION quotes Mr. GARRISON's original declaration, in *The Liberator*:

'I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I *will* be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD.

'It is *pretended* that I am retarding the cause of emancipation by the coarseness of my invective, and the precipitancy of my measures. *The charge is not true.* On this question, my influence, humble as it is, is felt at this moment to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years—not perniciously, but beneficially—not as a curse, but as a blessing; and posterity will bear testimony that I was right. I desire to thank God that he enables me to disregard 'the fear of man which bringeth a snare,' and to speak His truth in plainness and power.'

He then goes on to say:

'This is a defence which has been generally accepted on this side of the Atlantic, and many are the Abolitionists among us whom it has encouraged in honesty and impotence; and whom it has converted into conscientious hindrances. * * * *

'We would have Mr. Garrison to say, 'I will be as harsh as *progress*, as uncompromising as *success*.' If a man speaks for his own gratification, he may be as 'harsh' as he pleases; but if he speaks for the downtrodden and oppressed, he must be content to put a curb upon the tongue of holiest passion, and speak only as harshly as is compatible with the amelioration of the evil he proposes to redress. Let the question be again repeated: Do you seek for the slave vengeance or redress? If you seek retaliation, go on denouncing. But distant Europe honours Wm. Lloyd Garrison because it credits him with seeking for the slave simply redress. We say, therefore, that 'uncompromising' policy is not to be measured by absolute justice, but by practical amelioration of the slave's condition. Amelioration as fast as you can get it—absolute justice as soon as you can reach it'

He quotes the sentiment of Confucius, that he would choose for a leader 'a man who would maintain a steady vigilance in the direction of affairs; who was capable of forming plans, and of executing them,' and says:

'The philosopher was right in placing wisdom and executive capacity above courage; for down to this day, our popular movements are led by heroes who *fear* nothing, and who *win* nothing. * * *

'There is no question raised in these articles as to the work to be done, but only as to the mode of *really* doing it. The platform resounds with announcements of principle, which is but *asserting* a right, while nothing but contempt is showered on policy which is the *realization* of right. The air is filled with all high cries and spirited denunciations; indignation is at a premium; and this is called advocacy. * * * * But to calculate, to make sure of your aim, is to be decried as one who is too cold to feel, too genteel to strike.'

Further on, he observes:

'If an artillery officer throws shell after shell which never reach the enemy, he is replaced by some one with a better eye and a surer aim. But in the artillery battle of opinion, *to mean* to hit is quite sufficient; and if you have a certain grand indifference as to whether you hit or not, you may count on public applause.' * *

'A man need be no less militant as the soldier of facts than as the agent of swords. But the arena of argument needs discipline no less than that of arms. It is this which the Anti Slavery party seem to me not only to overlook, but to despise. They do not put their valour to drill. Neither on the field nor the platform has courage any inherent capacity of taking care of itself.'

The writer then proceeds to make a quotation from Mr. EMERSON, the latter part of which I will read:

'Let us withhold every *reproachful* and, if we can, every *indignant* remark. In this cause, we must renounce our temper and the risings of pride. If there be any man who thinks the ruin of a race of men a small matter compared with the last decorations and completions of his own comfort—who would not so much as part with his ice-cream to save them from rapine and manacles—I think I must not hesitate to satisfy *that* man, that also his cream and vanilla are safer and cheaper by placing the negro nation on a fair footing than by robbing them. If the Virginian piques himself on the picturesque luxury of his vassalage, on the heavy Ethiopian manners of his house servants, their silent obedience, their hue of bronze, their turbaned heads, and would not exchange for the more intelligent but precarious hired service of whites, I shall not refuse to show *him* that when their free papers are made out, it will still be their interest to remain on his estates; and that the oldest planters of Jamaica are convinced that it is cheaper to pay wages than to own slaves.'

The critic takes exception to Mr. Garrison's approval of the denunciatory language in which Daniel O'Connell rebuked the giant sin of America, and concluded his article with this sentence:

'When Wm. Lloyd Garrison praises the great Celtic Monarch of invective for this dire outpouring, he acts the part of the boy who fancies that the terror is in the war-whoop of the savage, unmindful of the quieter muskets of the civilised infantry, whose unostentatious execution blows whoop and tomahawk to the devil.'

Before passing to a consideration of these remarks of ION, let me say a word in relation to Mr. EMERSON. I do not consider him as endorsing any of these criticisms on the Abolitionists. His services to the most radical Anti-Slavery movement have been generous and marked. He has never shrunk from any odium which lending his name and voice to it would incur. Making fair allowance for his peculiar taste, habits and genius, he has given a generous amount of aid to the Anti-Slavery movement, and never let its friends want his cordial 'God-speed.'

ION's charges are the old ones, that we Abolitionists are hurting our own cause—that instead of waiting for the community to come up to our views, and endeavouring to remove prejudice and enlighten ignorance, by patient explanation and fair argument, we fall at once, like children, to abusing everything and everybody—that we imagine zeal will supply the place of common sense—that we have never shown any sagacity in adapting our means to our ends, have never studied the national character, or attempted to make use of the materials which lay all about us, to influence public opinion, but by blind, childish, obstinate fury and indiscriminate denunciation, have become 'honestly impotent and conscientious hindrances.'

These, Sir, are the charges which have uniformly been brought against all reformers in all ages. ION thinks the same faults are chargeable on the leaders of all the 'popular movements' in England, which, he says, 'are led by heroes who *fear* nothing and who *win* nothing.' If the leaders of popular movements in Great Britain for the last fifty years have been *losers*, I should be curious to know what party, in ION's opinion, have won? My Lord Derby and his friends seem to think Democracy has made and is making dangerous headway. If the men who, by popular agitation, outside of Parliament, wrung from a powerful oligarchy Parliamentary Reform, and the Abolition of the Test Acts, of high Post Rates, of Catholic Disability, of Negro Slavery and the Corn Laws, did 'not win anything,' it would be hard to say what winning is. If the men who, without the ballot, made Peel their tool and conquered the Duke of Wellington, are considered unsuccessful, pray what kind of a thing would success be? Those who now, at the head of that same middle class, demand the separation of Church and State, and the Extension of the Ballot, may well guess, from the fluttering of the Whig and Tory devotees, that soon they will 'win' that same 'nothing.' Heaven grant they may enjoy the same *ill success* with their predecessors! On our own side of the ocean, too, we ought deeply to sympathize with the leaders of the Temperance movement in their entire want of success! If ION's mistakes about the Anti-Slavery cause lay as much on the surface as those I have just noticed, it would be hardly worth while to reply to him; for as to these, he certainly exhibits only 'the extent and variety of his mis-information.'

His remarks upon the Anti-Slavery movement are, however, equally inaccurate. I claim, before you who know the true state of the case, I claim for the Anti-Slavery movement with which this Society is identified, that, looking back over its whole course, and considering the men connected with it in the mass, it has been marked by the soundest judgment, the most unnerring foresight, the most sagacious adaptation of means to ends, the strictest self-discipline, the most thorough research, and an amount of patient and manly argument addressed to the conscience and intellect of the nation, such as no other cause of the kind, in England or this country, has ever offered. I claim, also, that its course has been marked by a cheerful surrender of all individual claims to merit or leadership—the most cordial welcoming of the slightest effort, of every honest attempt to lighten or to break the chain of the slave. I need not waste time by repeating the superfluous confession that we are men, and therefore do not claim to be perfect. Neither would I be understood as denying that we use denunciation, and ridicule, and every other weapon that the human mind knows. We must plead guilty, if guilt it be, not to be able to separate the sin from the sinner. With all the fondness for abstractions attributed to us, we are not yet capable of that. We are fighting a momentous battle at desperate odds—one against a thousand. Every weapon that ability or ignorance, wit, wealth, prejudice or fashion can command is pointed against us. The guns are shotted to their lips. The arrows are poisoned. We cannot afford to confine ourselves to any one weapon. The cause is not ours, so that we might, rightfully, postpone or put in peril the victory by moderating our demands, stifling our convictions, or filing down our rebukes, to gratify any sickly taste or our own, or to spare the delicate nerves of our neighbour. Our clients are three millions of slaves, standing dumb suppliants at the threshold of the Christian world. They have no voice but ours to utter their complaints, or demand justice. The press, the pulpit, the wealth, the literature, the prejudices, the political arrangements, the present self-interest of the country, are all against us. God has given us no weapon but the truth, faithfully uttered, and addressed, with the old prophets' directness, to the conscience of the individual sinner. The elements which control public opinion, and mould the masses, are against us. We can but pick off here and there a man from the triumphant majority. We have facts for those who think—arguments for those who reason; but he who cannot be reasoned out of his prejudices must be laughed out of them; he who cannot be argued out of his selfishness must be shamed out of it by the mirror of his hateful self held up relentlessly before his eyes. We live in a land where every man makes broad his phylactery, inscribing thereon, 'All men are created equal'—'God hath created of one blood all the nations of men.' It seems to us that in such a land there must be, on this question of Slavery, sluggards to be awakened as well as doubters to be convinced. Many more, we verily believe, of the first than of the last. There are far more dead hearts to be quickened than confused intellects to be cleared up—more dumb dogs to be made to speak than doubting consciences to be enlightened (loud cheers). We have use, then, sometimes, for something beside argument.

What is the denunciation with which we are charged? It is endeavouring, in our faltering human speech, to declare the enormity of the sin of making merchandise of men—of separating husband and wife—taking the infant from its mother, and selling the daughter to prostitution—of a professedly Christian nation denying, by statute, the Bible to every sixth man and woman of its population, and making it illegal for 'two or three' to meet together, except a white man be present! What is this harsh criticism of motives of which we are charged? It is simply holding the intelligent and deliberate actor responsible for the character and consequences of his acts. Is there anything inherently wrong in such denunciation or such criticism? This we may claim—we have never judged a man but out of his own mouth. We have seldom, if ever, held him to account except for acts of which he and his own friends were proud. All that we ask the world and thoughtful men to note is the principles and deeds on which the American pulpit and American public men plume themselves. We always allow our opponents to paint their own pictures. Our humble duty is to stand by and assure the spectators that what they would take for a knave or a hypocrite is really, in American estimation, a Doctor of Divinity or Secretary of State.

The South is one great brothel, where half a million of women are flogged to prostitution, or, worse still, are degraded to believe it honourable. The public squares of half our great cities echo to the wail of families torn asunder at the auction-block—no one of our fair rivers that has not closed over the negro seeking in death a refuge from a life too wretched to bear—thousands of fugitives skulk along our highways, afraid to tell their names, and trembling at the sight of a human being—free men are kidnapped in our streets, to be plunged into that hell of Slavery, and now and then one, as if by miracle, after long years, returns to make men aghast with his tale. The Press says, 'It is all right;' and the Pulpit cries, 'Amen.' We print the Bible in every tongue in which man utters his prayers, and get the money to do so by agreeing never to give the book, in the language our mother taught us, to any negro, free or bond, South of Mason and Dixon's line. The Press says, 'It is all right;' and the Pulpit cries, 'Amen.' The slave lifts up his imploring eyes, and sees in every face, but ours, the face of an enemy. Prove to me now that harsh rebuke, indignant denunciation, scathing sarcasm, and pitiless ridicule are wholly and always unjustifiable, else we dare not, in so desperate a case, throw away any weapon which ever broke up the crust of an ignorant prejudice, roused a slumbering conscience, shamed a proud sinner, or changed, in any way, the conduct of a human being. Our aim is to alter public opinion. Did we live in a market, our talk should be of dollars and cents, and we would seek to prove only that Slavery was an unprofitable investment. Were the nation one great, pure Church, we would sit down and reason of 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.' Had Slavery fortified itself in a College, we would load our cannons with cold facts, and wing our arrows with arguments. But we happen to live in the world—the world made up of thought, and impulse, of self-conceit, and self-interest, of weak men and wicked. To conquer, we must reach all. Our object is not to make every man a Christian or philosopher, but to induce every one to aid in the abolition of Slavery. We expect to accomplish our object long before the nation is made over into saints, or elevated into philosophers. To change public opinion, we use the very tools by which it was formed. That is all such as an honest man may touch.

All this I am not only ready to allow, but I should be ashamed to think of the slave, or to look into the face of my fellow-man, if it were otherwise. It is the only thing that justifies us to our own consciences, and makes us able to say we have done, or at least tried to do, our duty.

So far, however, you distrust my philosophy, you will not doubt my statements. That we have denounced and rebuked with unsparing fidelity will not be denied. Have we not also addressed ourselves to that other duty of arguing our question thoroughly—of using due discretion and fair sagacity in endeavouring to promote our cause? Yes, we have. Every statement we have laid down has been denied by overwhelming majorities against us. No one step has ever been gained but by the most laborious research and the most exhausting argument. And no question has ever, since Revolutionary days, been so thoroughly investigated or argued here as that of Slavery. Of that research and that argument, of the whole of it, the old-fashioned, fanatical, crazy, Garrisonian Anti-Slavery movement has been the author. From this band of men has proceeded every important argument or idea that has been broached on the Anti-Slavery question from 1830 to the present time (cheers). I am well aware of the extent of the claim I make. I recognise as fully as any one can the ability of the new labourers—the eloquence and genius with which they have recommended this cause to the nation, and flashed conviction home on the conscience of the community. I do not mean either to assert that they have in every instance borrowed from our treasury their facts and arguments. Left to themselves, they would probably have looked up the one and originated the other. As a matter of fact, however, they have generally made use of the materials collected to their hands. But there are some persons about us, sympathizers, to a great extent, with ION, who pretend that the Anti-Slavery movement has been hitherto mere fanaticism, its only weapon angry abuse. They are obliged to assert this in order to justify their past indifference or hostility. At present, when it suits their purpose to give it some attention, they endeavour to explain the charge by alleging that now it has been taken up by men of thoughtful minds, and its claims are urged by fair discussion and able argument. My claim, then, is this: that neither the charity of the most timid of sects, the sagacity of our wisest converts, nor the culture of the ripest scholars, though all have been aided by our twenty years' experience, has yet struck out any new method of reaching the public mind, or originating any new argument or train of thought, or discovered any new fact bearing on the question. When once brought fully into the struggle, they have found it necessary to adopt the same means, to rely on the same arguments, to hold up the same men and the same measures to public reprobation, with the same bold rebuke and unspairing invective that we have used. All their conciliatory bearing, their painstaking moderation, their constant and anxious endeavour to draw a broad line between their camp and ours, have been thrown away. Just so far as they have been effective labourers, they have found, as we have, their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them. The most experienced of them are ready to acknowledge that our plan has been wise, our course efficient, and that our unpopularity is no fault of ours, but flows necessarily and unavoidably from our position. 'I should suspect,' says old Fuller, 'that his preaching had no salt in it, if no galled horse did wince.' Our friends find, after all, that men do not so much hate us as the truth we utter and the light we bring. They find that the community are not the honest seekers after truth which they fancied, but selfish politicians and sectarian bigots, who shiver, like Alexander's butler, whenever the sun shines on them. Experience has driven these new labourers back to our method. We have no quarrel with them—would not steal one wreath of their laurels. All we claim is, that if they are to be complimented as prudent, moderate, Christian, sagacious, statesmanlike reformers, we deserve the same praise, for they have done nothing that we, in our measures, did not attempt before (cheers).

I claim this, that the cause, in its present aspect, has put on nothing but timidity. It has taken to itself no new weapons of recent years; it has become more compromising—that is all! It has neither become more persuasive, more learned, more Christian, more charitable, nor more effective, than for the twenty years preceding. Mr. Hale, the head of the Free Soil movement, after a career in the Senate that would do honour to any man—after a six years' course which entitles him to the respect and confidence of the Anti-Slavery public, can put his name, within the last month, to an appeal from the city of Washington, signed by a Houston and a Cass, for a monument to be raised to Henry Clay! If that be the test of charity and courtesy, we cannot give it to the world (loud cheers). Some of the leaders of the Free Soil party of Massachusetts, after exhausting the whole capacity of our language to paint the treachery of Daniel Webster to the cause of liberty, and the evil they thought he was able and seeking to do, after that, could feel it in their hearts to parade themselves in the funeral procession got up to do him honour! In this we allow we cannot follow them. The deference which every gentleman owes to the proprieties of social life, that self-respect and regard to consistency which is every man's duty, these, if no deeper feelings, will ever prevent us from giving such proofs of this newly-invented Christian courtesy (great cheering). We do not *play* politics; Anti-Slavery is no half-jest with us; it is a terrible earnest, with life or death, worse than life or death on the issue. It is no law-suit, where it matters not to the good feeling of opposing counsel which way the verdict goes, and where advocates can clasp hands after the decision as pleasantly as before. When we look upon such a man as Henry Clay, his long life, his mighty influence cast always into the scale against the slave; of that irresistible fascination with which he moulded every one to his will; when we remember that, his conscience acknowledging the justice of our cause, and his heart open on every other side to the gentlest impulses, he could sacrifice so remorselessly his convictions and the welfare of millions to his low ambition; when we think how the slave trembled at the sound of his voice, and that, from a multitude of breaking hearts, there went up nothing but gratitude to God when it pleased Him to call that great sinner from this world, we cannot find it in our hearts, we could not shape our lips to ask any man to do him honour (great sensation). No amount of eloquence, no sheen of official position, no loud grief of partisan friends, would ever lead us to ask monuments or walk in fine processions for pirates; and the sectarian zeal or selfish ambition which gives up, deliberately and in full knowledge of the facts, three million of human beings to hopeless ignorance, daily robbery, systematic prostitution and murder, which the law neither can nor undertakes to prevent or avenge, is more monstrous in our eyes than the love of gold which takes a score of lives with merciful quickness on the high seas. Haynau on the Danube is no more hateful to us than Haynau on the Potomac. Why give mobs to one and monuments to the other?

If these things be necessary to courtesy, I cannot claim that we are courteous. We seek only to be honest men, and speak the same of the dead as of the living. If the grave that hides their bodies could swallow the evil they have done, and the example they leave, we might enjoy at least the luxury of forgetting them. But the evil that men do lives after them, and Example acquires tenfold authority when it speaks from the grave. History, also, is to be written. How shall a feeble minority, without weight or influence in the country, with no jury of millions to appeal to—denounced, villified and contemned—how shall we make way against the overwhelming weight of some colossal reputation, if we do not turn from the idolatrous Present, and appeal to the Human Race; saying to your idols of to-day, 'Here we are defeated, but we will write our judgment with the iron pen of a century to come, and it shall never be forgotten, if we can help it, that you were false in your generation to the claims of the slave' (loud cheers).

At present, our leading men, strong in the support of large majorities, and counting safely on the prejudices of the community, can afford to despise us. They know they can overawe or cajole the present; their only fear is the judgment of the future. Strange fear, perhaps, considering how short and local their fame! But however little, it is their all. Our only hold upon them is the thought of that bar of posterity before which we are all to stand. Thank God! there is the elder brother of the Saxon race across the water—there is the army of honest men to come! Before that jury we summon you. We are weak here—out-talked, outvoted. You lead our names with infamy and shout us down. But our words bide their time. We warn the living that we have terrible memories, and that their sins are never to be forgotten. We will gibbet the name of every apostate so black and high that his children's children shall blush to hear it. Yet we bear no malice—cherish no resentment. We thank God that the love of fame, 'that last infirmity of noble mind,' is shared by the ignoble. In our necessity, we seize this weapon in the slave's behalf, and teach caution to the living by meting out relentless justice to the dead. How strange the change death produces in the way a man is talked about here! While leading men live, they avoid as much as possible all mention of Slavery, from fear of being thought Abolitionists. The moment they are dead, their friends rake up every word they ever contrived to whisper in a corner for liberty, and parade it before the world; growing angry, all the while, with us, because we insist on explaining these chance expressions by the tenor of a long and base life. While drunk with the temptations of the present hour, men are willing to bow to any Moloch. When their friends bury them, they feel what bitter mockery, a hundred years hence, any epitaph will be, if it cannot record of one living in this era, some service rendered to the slave! These, Mr. Chairman, are the reasons why we take care that 'the memory of the wicked shall rot.'

I have claimed that the Anti-Slavery cause has from the first been ably and dispassionately argued, every objection candidly examined, and every difficulty or doubt any where honestly entertained, treated with respect. Let me glance at the literature of the cause, and try not so much, in a brief hour, to prove this assertion, as to point out the sources from which any one may satisfy himself of its truth.

I will begin with certainly the ablest and perhaps the most honest statesman who has ever touched the slave question. When JOHN QUINCY ADAMS first broke ground on the Texas Question, he confessed his debt to the full and able exposure of the Texas Plot prepared by Benjamin Lundy. Every one acquainted with those years will allow that the North owes its earliest knowledge and first awakening on that subject to Mr. Lundy, who made long journeys and devoted years to the investigation. His labours have this attestation, that they stirred the zeal and strengthened the hands of such men as Adams.

Look next at the Right of Petition. Long before any member of Congress had opened his mouth in its defence, the Abolition presses and lecturers had examined and defended the limits of this right, with profound historical research and eminent constitutional ability. So thoroughly had the work been done, that all classes of the people had made up their minds about it, long before any speaker of eminence had touched it in Congress. The politicians were little aware of this. When Mr. Adams threw himself so gallantly into the breach, it is said he wrote anxiously home to know whether he would be supported in Massachusetts; little aware of the outburst of popular gratitude that the Northern breeze was even then bringing him, deep and cordial though to wipe away the old grudge Massachusetts had borne him so long. Mr. Adams himself was only in favour of receiving the petitions, and advised to refuse their prayer, which was the Abolition of Slavery in the District. He doubted the power of Congress. His doubts were examined by Mr. William Goodell, in two letters of most able and acute logic, and of masterly ability. If Mr. Adams still retained his doubts, it is certain, at least, that he never expressed them afterward. When Mr. Clay paraded the same objections, the whole question of the power of Congress over the District was treated by T. D. Weld, in the fullest manner, and with the widest research: indeed, leaving nothing to be added. No answer was ever attempted. The best proof of its ability is that no one since has presumed to doubt the power. Lawyers and Statesmen have tacitly settled down into its full acknowledgement.

The influence of the Colonisation Society on the welfare of the coloured race was the first question our movement encountered. To the close logic, eloquent appeals and fully sustained charges of Mr. Garrison's Letters on that subject, no answer was ever made Judge Jay followed with a work full and able, establishing every charge by the most patient investigation of facts. It is not too much to say of these two volumes, that they left the Colonisation Society hopeless at the North. It dares never show its face before the people, and only lingers in some few nooks of sectarian pride so secluded from the influence of present ideas as to be almost fossil in their character.

The practical working of the slave system, the slave laws, the treatment of slaves, their food, the duration of their lives, their ignorance and moral condition, and the influence of Southern public opinion on their fate, have been spread out in a detail and with a fullness of evidence which no subject has ever received before in this country. Witness the works of Phelps, Rankin, Grimke, the 'Anti-Slavery Record,' and, above all, that encyclopædia of facts and storehouse of arguments, the 'Thousand Witnesses' of Mr. T. D. Weld. Unique in Anti-Slavery literature is Mrs. Child's 'Appeal,' one of the ablest of our weapons, and one of the finest efforts of her rare genius.

The *Princeton Review*, I believe, first challenged the Abolitionists to an investigation of the teachings of the Bible on Slavery. That field had been somewhat broken by our English predecessors. But in England, the pro-slavery party had been soon shamed out of the attempt to drag the Bible into their service, and hence the discussion there had been short and somewhat superficial. The pro-slavery side of the question has been eagerly sustained by Theological Reviews and Doctors of Divinity without number, from the half way and timid faltering of Wayland up to the unblushing and melancholy recklessness of Stuart. The argument on the other side has come wholly from the Abolitionists. For neither Dr. Hague nor Dr. Barnes can be said to have added anything to the wide research, critical acumen and comprehensive views of T. D. Weld, Beriah Green, J. G. Fee, and the old work of Duncan.

On the constitutional questions which have at various times arisen—the citizenship of the coloured man, the soundness of the 'Prigg' decision, the constitutionality of the old Fugitive Slave Law, the true construction of the Slave clause—nothing has been added, either in the way of fact or argument, to the works of Jay, Weld, Alvan Stewart, E. G. Loring, S. E. Sewall, Richard Hildreth, W. I. Bowditch, the masterly Essays of the *Emancipator* at New York, and the *Liberator* of Boston, and the various Addresses of the Massachusetts and American Societies for the last twenty years. The idea of the Anti-Slavery character of the Constitution—the opiate with which Free Soil quiets its conscience for voting under a pro-slavery government—I heard first suggested by Mr. Garrison in 1838. It was elaborately argued in that year in all our Anti-Slavery gatherings, both here and in New York, and sustained with great ability by Alvan Stewart, and in part by T. D. Weld. If it has either merit or truth, they are due to no legal learning recently added to our ranks, but to some of its old and well-known pioneers.

This topic has received the fullest investigation from Mr. Lysander Spooner, who has urged it with all his unrivalled ingenuity, laborious research and close logic. He writes as a lawyer, and has no wish, we believe, to be ranked with any class of Anti-Slavery men.

The influence of Slavery on our Government has received the profoundest philosophical investigation from the pen of Richard Hildreth, in his invaluable essay on 'Despotism in America'—a work which deserves a place by the side of the ablest political disquisitions of any age.

Mrs. Chapman's survey of 'Ten Years of Anti-Slavery Experience,' was the first attempt at a philosophical discussion of the various aspects of the Anti-Slavery Cause, and the problems raised by its struggles with sect and party. You, Mr. Chairman [EDMUND QUINCY, Esq.], in the elaborate Reports of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society for the last ten years, have followed in the same path, making to American literature a contribution of the highest value, and in a department where you have few rivals and no superior. Whoever shall write the history either of this movement, or any other attempted under a Republican Government, will find no where else so clear an insight and so full an acquaintance with the most difficult part of his subject.

Even the vigorous mind of Rantoul, the ablest man, without doubt, of the Democratic party, and, perhaps, the ablest politician in New England, added little or nothing to the storehouse of Anti-Slavery argument. The grasp of his intellect and the fullness of his learning every one will acknowledge. He never trusted himself to speak on any subject till he had dug down to its primal granite. He laid a most generous contribution on the altar of the Anti-Slavery Cause. His speeches on one question, too short and too few, are remarkable for their compact statement, true logic, bold denunciations, and the wonderful light thrown back upon our history. Yet how little do they present which was not familiar for years in our Anti-Slavery meetings?

Look, too, at the last great effort of the idol of so many thousands, Mr. Senator Sumner; a discussion of a great national question, of which it has been said that we must go back to Webster's Reply to Hayne, and Fisher Ames on the Jay Treaty, to find its equal in Congress—praise which we might perhaps qualify, if any adequate report were left us of some of those noble orations of Adams. No one can be blind to the skillful use he has made of his materials, the consummate ability with which he has marshalled them, and the radiant glow which his genius has thrown over all. But, with the exception of his reference to the Anti-Slavery debate in Congress in 1817, there is no train of thought or argument, and no single fact in the whole speech, which has not been familiar in our meetings and essays for the last ten years.

Before leaving the Halls of Congress, I have great pleasure in recognising one exception to my remarks, Mr. Giddings. Perhaps he is no real exception, since it would not be difficult to establish his claim to be considered or not, it is certainly true that his long presence at the seat of Government, his whole-souled devotedness, his sagacity and unwearied industry, have made him a large contributor to our Anti-Slavery resources.

The relations of the American Church to Slavery, and the duties of private Christians—the whole casuistry of this portion of the question, so momentous among descendants of the Puritans, have been discussed with great acuteness and rare common sense by Messrs. Garrison, Goodell, Gerrit Smith, Pillsbury and Foster. They have never attempted to judge the American Church by any standard except that which she has herself laid down—never claimed that she should be perfect, but have contented themselves with demanding that she should be consistent. They have never judged her except out of her own mouth, and on facts asserted by her own presses and leaders. The sundering of the Methodist and Baptist denominations, and the universal agitation of the religious world, are the best proof of the sagacity with which their measures have been chosen, the cogent arguments they have used, and the indisputable facts on which their criticisms have been founded.

In nothing have the Abolitionists shown more sagacity, or more thorough knowledge of their countrymen, than in the course they have pursued in relation to the Church. None but a New Englander can ever appreciate the power which Church organisations wield over all that share the blood of the Puritans. The influence of each sect over its own members is overwhelming, often shutting out, or controlling, all other influences. The tyranny of our Methodism need not fear comparison with the darkest picture of Catholicism that Protestant pencils have ever painted. That each local church is independent of all others, we have been careful to maintain, in theory and practice. The individual's independence of all organizations that place themselves between him and his God, some bold minds have asserted in theory, but most of

ward worked underground For many a year, men laughed at us for entertaining any apprehensions. It was impossible to rouse the North to its peril. D. L. Child was thought crazy because he would not believe there was no danger. I remember being one of a Committee which waited on Abbot Lawrence, a year or two only before annexation, to ask his countenance to some general movement, without distinction of party, against the Texas scheme. He smiled at our fears, begged us to have no apprehension; stating that his correspondence with leading men at Washington enabled him to assure us that annexation was impossible, and that the South itself was determined to defeat the project. It was but a short while after that the Senators and Representatives from Texas took their seats in Congress!

Many of these services to the slave were done before I joined his cause. In thus referring to them, do not suppose me merely seeking occasion of eulogy on my predecessors and present co-labourers. I recall these things only to rebut the contemptuous criticism which some about us make the excuse for their past neglect of the movement, and in answer to Ion's representation of our course as reckless fanaticism, childish impatience, utter lack of good sense, and of our meetings as scenes only of excitement, of reckless and indiscriminate denunciation. I assert that every social, moral, economical, religious, political and historical aspect of the question has been ably and patiently examined. If the people are still in doubt, it is from the inherent difficulty of the subject, or a hatred of light, not from want of it. And all this has been done with an industry and ability which have little left for the professional skill, scholarly culture, and historical learning of the new labourers to accomplish.

So far from the Anti-Slavery Cause having lacked a manly and able discussion, I think it will be acknowledged hereafter that this discussion has been one of the noblest contributions to a literature really American. Heretofore, not only has our tone been but an echo of foreign culture, but the very topics discussed, and the views maintained, have been too often pale reflections of European politics and European philosophy. No matter what dress we assumed, the voice was ever 'the voice of Jacob.' At last we have stirred a question thoroughly American. The subject has been looked at from a point of view entirely American, and it is of such deep interest, that it has called out all the intellectual strength of the nation. For once, the nation speaks its own thoughts, in its own language, and the tone also is all its own. It will hardly do for the defeated party to claim that, in this discussion, all the ability is on their side.

This charge of exaggeration brings to my mind a fact I mentioned last month at Horticultural Hall. The theatres in many of our great cities bring out night after night, all the radical doctrine and all the startling scenes of 'Uncle Tom.' They preach immediate emancipation and slaves shoot their hunters to loud applause. Two or three years ago, setting under this roof, I was myself somewhat startled by the assertion of my friend Mr. Pillsbury that the theatres would receive the gospel of Anti-Slavery truth earlier than the churches. A hiss went up from the galleries and many in the audience were shocked by the remark. I asked myself whether I could endorse such a statement and felt that I could not. I could not believe it to be true. Only three years have passed and what was then deemed rant and fanaticism by seven out of ten who heard it has proved true. The theatre, bowing to its audience, has preached immediate Emancipation and given us the whole of 'Uncle Tom,' while from the pulpits and in the columns of the theological papers the work is subjected to criticism, to reproach, and its author to severe rebuke. Do not, therefore, set down as extravagant every statement which your own experience does not warrant. It may be that you and I have not studied the signs of the times quite as accurately as the speaker. Going up and down the land, coming into close contact with the prejudices and feelings of the community, he is, sometimes, a better judge than you of its present state. An Abolitionist has more motives for watching and more means of finding out the true state of public opinion than most of the careless critics who jeer at his assertions to-day—and are the first to cry 'Just what I said'—when his prophecy becomes fact to-morrow.

Mr. Ion thinks, also, that we have thrown away opportunities, and needlessly outraged the men and parties about us. Far from it. The Anti-Slavery movement was a patient and humble supplicant at every door whence any help could possibly be hoped If we now repudiate and denounce some of our institutions, it is because we have faithfully tried them and found them deaf to the claims of justice and humanity. Our great Leader, when he first meditated this crusade, did not

> 'At once, like a sunburst, his banner unfurl.'

O, no! he sounded his way warily forward. Brought up in the strictest reverence for church organizations, his first effort was to enlist the clergymen of Boston in the support of his views. On their aid, he counted confidently in his effort to preach immediate repentance of all sin. He did not go, with *malice prepense*, as some seem to imagine, up to that 'attic' where Mayor Otis with difficulty found him. He did not court hostility or seek exile. He did not sedulously endeavour to cut himself off from the sympathy and countenance of the community about him. O, no! A fervid disciple of the American Church, he conferred with some of the leading clergy of the city, and laid before them his convictions on the subject of Slavery (1). He painted their responsibility, and tried to induce them to take from his shoulders the burden of so mighty a movement. He laid himself at their feet. He recognised the colossal strength of the Church; he knew that against their opposition it would be almost desperate to attempt to relieve the slave. He entreated them, therefore, to take up the cause. But the Church turned away from him! They shut their doors upon him! They bade him compromise his convictions—smother one half of them, and support the Colonization movement, making his own auxiliary to that, or they would have none of him. Like Luther, he said—'Here I stand; God help me; I can no other!' But the men who joined him were not persuaded that the case was so desperate. So they returned, each to his own local sect, and remained in them until some of us, myself among the number—later converts to the Anti-Slavery movement—thought they were slow and faltering in their obedience to conscience, and that they ought to have cut loose much sooner than they did. But patience, that old sympathies would not allow to be exhausted, associations, planted so deeply in youth, and spreading over so large a part of their manhood, were too strong for any mere argument to dislodge them. So they still persisted in remaining in the church. Their zeal was so fervent and their labours so abundant, that in some towns large societies were formed, led by most of the clergymen, and having almost all the clergymen on their lists. In those same towns now, you will not find one single Abolitionist, of any stamp whatever. They excuse their falling back by alleging that we have injured the cause by our extravagance and denunciation, and by the various other questions with which our names are associated. This might be a good reason why they should not work with us, but does it excuse their not working at all? These people have been once awakened, thoroughly instructed in the momentous character of the movement, and have acknowledged the rightful claim of the slave on their sympathy and exertions. It is not possible that a few thousand persons, however extravagant, could prevent devoted men from finding some way to help such a cause, or at least manifesting their interest in it. But they have not only left us, they have utterly deserted the slave, in the hour when the interest of their sects came across his cause. Is it uncharitable to conjecture the reason?

At the early period, however, to which I have referred, the Church was much exercised by the persistency of the Abolitionists in not going out from her. When I joined the Anti-Slavery ranks, sixteen years ago, the voice of the clergy was, 'Will these pests *never* leave us? Will they still remain to trouble us? If you do not like us, there is the door!' When our friends had exhausted all entreaty, and tested the Christianity of that body, they shook off the dust of their feet, and came out of her. Afterwards, Mr. Garrison called on the head of the Orthodox denomination—a man compared with whose influence on the mind of New England that of the statesman whose death you have just mourned was but as dust in the balance, in my opinion—a man who then held the Orthodoxy of Boston in his right hand, and who has since taken up the West by its four corners, and given it so largely to Puritanism—I mean the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Garrison was one of those who bowed to the spell of the matchless eloquence that then fulmined over our Zion. He waited on his favourite divine, and urged him to give to the new movement the incalculable aid of his name and countenance. He was patiently heard. He was allowed to unfold his plans and array his facts. The reply of the veteran was, 'Mr. Garrison, I have too many irons in the fire to put in another.' My friend said, 'Doctor, you had better take all the irons you have in the fire out, and put this one in, if you mean well either to the religion or the civil liberty of our country' (cheers).

The great Orthodox leader did not rest with merely refusing to put another iron into his fire; he attempted to limit the irons of other men. As President of Lane Theological Seminary, he endeavoured to prevent the students from investigating the subject of Slavery. The result, we all remember, was a strenuous resistance on the part of a large number of the students, led by that remarkable man, Theodore D. Weld. The Right triumphed, and Lane Seminary lost her character and noblest pupils at the same time. She has languished ever since, even with such a President. Why should I follow Dr. Beecher into those Ecclesiastical Conventions where the weight of his heavy hand has been felt against the slave? He has done no worse, indeed, he has done much better, than most of his class. His opposition has been always open and manly.

But, Mr. Chairman, there is something in the blood which, men tell us, brings out virtues and defects, even when they have lain dormant for a generation. Good and evil qualities are hereditary, the physicians say. The blood whose warm currents of eloquent aid my friend solicited in vain in that generation, has sprung voluntarily to his assistance in the next, to rouse the world by the vigour and pathos of its appeals both from press and palpit (enthusiastic cheers). Even on that great triumph I would say a word. Marked and unequalled as has been that success, remember in explanation of the phenomenon — for Uncle Tom's Cabin is rather an event than a book — remember this: if the old Anti-Slavery movement had not roused the sympathies of Mrs. Stowe, the book had never been written; if that movement had not raised up hundreds of thousands of hearts to sympathize with the slave, the book had never been read (cheers). Not that the genius of the author has not made the triumph all her own; not that the unrivalled felicity of its execution has not trebled, quadrupled, increased ten-fold, if you please, the number of readers; but there must be a spot even for Archimedes to rest his lever upon, before he can move the world (applause), and this effort of genius consecrated to the noblest purpose, might have fallen dead and unnoticed in 1835. It is the Anti-Slavery movement which has changed 1835 to 1852. Those of us familiar with Anti-Slavery literature know well that Richard Hildreth's 'Archy Moore,' now 'The White Slave,' was a book of eminent ability; that it owed its want of success to no lack of genius, but only to the fact, that it was a work born out of due time; that the Anti-Slavery cause had not then aroused sufficient numbers, on the wings of whose enthusiasm even the most delightful fiction could have risen into world-wide influence and repute. To the cause which had changed 1835 to 1852 is due something of the influence of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The Abolitionists have never overlooked the wonderful power that the wand of the novelist was yet to wield in their behalf over the hearts of the world. O, no! Frederika Bremer only expressed the common sentiment of many of us, when she declared that 'the fate of the negro was the romance of our history.' Again and again, from my earliest knowledge of the cause, have I heard the opinion, that, in the debateable land between freedom and slavery, in the thrilling incidents of the escape and sufferings of the fugitive, and the perils of his friends, the future Walter Scott of America would find the 'border-land' of his romance, and the most touching incidents of his 'sixty years since;' and that the literature of America would gather its freshest laurels from that field.

So much, Mr. Chairman, for our treatment of the church. We clung to it as long as we hoped to make it useful. Disappointed in that, we have tried to expose its paltering and hypocrisy on this question, broadly and with unflinching boldness, in hopes to purify and bring it to our aid. Our labours with the great religious societies, with the press, with the institutions of learning, have been as untiring, and almost as unsuccessful. We have tried to do our duty to every public question that has arisen which would be made serviceable in rousing general attention. The Right of Petition, the Power of Congress, the Internal Slave Trade, Texas, the Compromise measures, the Fugitive Slave Law, the motions of leading men, the tactics of parties have all been watched and used with sagacity and effect as means to produce a change in public opinion. Dr. Channing has thanked the Abolition party, in the name of all the lovers of free thought and free speech, for having vindicated that right, when all others seemed ready to surrender it; vindicated it at the cost of reputation, ease, property, sometimes life itself; vindicated it effectively when its entire defence was in their hands.

Anti-Slavery life has been no empty vaunt or platform courage. The only blood that has ever been shed on this side the ocean in defence of the freedom of the press was the blood of Lovejoy, one of their number. Dr. Channing, in December, 1836, spoke of their position in these terms:

> 'Whilst in obedience to conscience they have refrained from opposing force to force, they have still persevered amidst menace and insult in bearing their testimony against wrong, in giving utterance to their deep convictions. Of such men I do not hesitate to say that they have rendered to freedom a more essential service than any body of men among us. The defenders of freedom are not those who claim and exercise rights which no one assails and who get shouts of applause by well termed compliments to liberty in the days of her triumph. They are those who stand up for rights which mobs, conspiracies or single tyrants put in jeopardy, who contend for liberty in that particular form which is threatened at the moment by the many or the few. To the Abolitionists this honour belongs. The first systematic effort to strip the citizen of freedom of speech, they have met with invincible resolution. From my heart I thank them. I am myself their debtor. I am not sure that I should this moment write in safety had they shrunk from the conflict, had they shut their lips, imposed silence on their presses, and hid themselves before their furious assailants. I know not where these outrages would have stopped, had they not met resistance from their first destined victims. The newspaper press, with few exceptions, allowed no genuine indignant rebuke of the wrong-doers, but rather countenanced by, its gentle censures, the reign of Force. The mass of the people looked supinely on this new tyranny, under which a portion of their fellow-citizens seemed to be sinking. A tone of denunciation was beginning to proscribe *all* discussion of Slavery, and had the spirit of violence, which selected associations, as its first object succeeded in this preparatory enterprise, it might easily have been turned against any and every individual who might presume to agitate the unwelcome subject. It is hard to say to what outrage the fettered press of the country might not have been reconciled. I thank the Abolitionists, that in this evil day they were true to the rights which the multitude were ready to betray. Their purpose to suffer, to die, rather than surrender their dearest liberties taught the lawless that they had a foe to contend with, whom it was not safe to press, whilst, like all manly appeals, it called forth reflection and sympathy in the better portion of the community. In the name of freedom and humanity I thank them.

No one, Mr. Chairman, deserves more of this honour than he whose chair you now fill. Our youthful city boasts but a few places of historic renown, but I know not one which coming time is more likely to keep in memory than the roof which Francis Jackson offered to the Anti-Slavery women of Boston when Mayor Lyman confessed he was unable to protect their meeting, and when the only protection the laws could offer Mr. Garrison was the shelter of the common jail. But when a nation sets itself to do evil, and all its leading forces, wealth, party and piety, join in the career, it is impossible but that those who offer a constant opposition should be hated and maligned, no matter how wise, cautious and well planned their course may be. We are peculiar sufferers in this way. The community has come to hate its reproving Nathan so bitterly, that even those to whom the relenting part of it is begining to look as standard-bearers of the Anti-Slavery host, think it unwise to avow any connection or sympathy with him. I refer to some of the leaders of the political movement against Slavery. They feel it to be their mission to marshal and use as effectively as possible the present convictions of the people. They cannot afford to encumber themselves with the odium which twenty years of angry agitation has engendered, in great sects sore from unsparing rebuke, parties galled by constant defeat, and leading men provoked by unexpected exposure. They are willing to confess, privately, that our movement produced theirs, and that its continued existence is the very breath of their life. But, at the same time, they would fain walk on the road without being soiled by too close contact with the rough pioneers who threw it up. They are wise and honourable, and their silence is very expressive.

When I speak of their eminent position and acknowledged ability, another thought strikes me. Who converted these men and their distinguished associates? It is said we have shown neither candour in plans nor sagacity in discussion, nor ability in argument. Who then or what converted Burlingame and Wilson, Sumner and Adams, Palfrey and Mann, Chase and Hale and Phillips and Giddings? Who taught the *Christian Register*, the *Daily Advertiser*, and that class of prints, that there were such things as a slave and a slaveholder in the land, and so gave them some more intelligent basis than their mere instincts to hate Wm. Lloyd Garrison (shouts and laughter)? What magic wand was it whose touch made the toadying servility of the land start up the real demon that it was, and at the same time gathered into the slave's service the professional ability, ripe culture, and personal integrity that grace the Free-Soil ranks? We never argue! These men, then, were converted by simple denunciation! They were all converted by the 'hot,' 'reckless,' 'ranting,' 'bigoted,' 'fanatic' Garrison, who never troubled himself about facts, nor stopped to argue with an opponent, but straightway knocked him down (roars of laughter and cheers)! My old and valued friend Mr. Sumner often boasts that he was a reader of the *Liberator* before I was. Do not criticise too much the agency by which such men were converted. That blade has a double edge. Our reckless course—our empty rant—our fanaticism, has made Abolitionists of some of the best and ablest men in the land. We are inclined to go on and see if even with such poor tools we cannot reach some more (enthusiastic applause). Anti-Slavery zeal, and the roused conscience of the 'godless come-outers' made the trembling South demand the Fugitive Slave Law; and the Fugitive Slave Law 'provoked' Mrs. Stowe to the good work of 'Uncle Tom.' That is something (cheers)! Let me say, in passing, that of none of these men, or their efforts, will you find an earlier or more generous appreciation, or more flowing eulogy, than in the columns of the *Liberator*. No one, however feeble, has ever peeped or muttered, in any quarter, that the vigilant eye of the Pioneer has not recognised him. He has stretched out the right hand of a most cordial welcome the moment any man's face was turned Zionward (loud cheers).

I do not mention these things to praise Mr. Garrison; I do not stand here for that purpose. You will not deny—if you do, I can prove it—that the movement of the Abolitionists converted these men. Their constituents were converted by it. The assault upon the right of petition, upon the right to print and speak of Slavery, the denial of the right of Congress over the District, the annexation of Texas, the Fugitive Slave Law, were measures which the Anti-Slavery movement provoked. The Anti-Slavery Cause, then, converted these men; it gave them a constituency; it gave them an opportunity to speak, and it gave them a public to listen. The Anti-Slavery Cause gave them their votes, gave them their offices, furnished them their facts, gave them their audience. If you tell me they cherished all these principles in their own breasts before Mr. Garrison appeared, I can only say, if the Anti-Slavery movement did not give them their ideas, it surely gave them the courage to utter them.

In such circumstances, is it not singular that the name of William Lloyd Garrison has never been pronounced, for fourteen years, on the floor of the United States Congress, linked with any epithet but that of contempt! No one of those men who owe their ideas, their station, their audience, to him, have ever thought it worth their while to utter one word in grateful recognition of the power that called them into being. When obliged, by the course of their argument, to treat the question historically, they can go across the water to Clarkson and Wilberforce—yes, to a safe salt-water distance (laughter). As Daniel Webster, when he was talking to the farmers of Western New York, and wished to contrast slave labour and free labour, did not dare to compare New York with Virginia — sister States under the same Government, planted by the same race, worshipping at the same altar, speaking the same language—identical in all respects, save that one in which he wished to seek the contrast—but, no; he compared it with *Brazil* (cheers and laughter)—the contrast was so close (renewed cheers)! Catholic—Protestant; Spanish—Saxon; despotism—municipal institutions; readers of Lope de Vega and of Shakspeare—mutterers of the Mass—children of the Bible! But Virginia is too near home! So is Garrison! One would have thought there was something in the human breast that would sometimes break through policy. These noble-hearted men whom I have named must surely have found quite irksome the constant practice of what Dr. Gardner used to call 'that despicable virtue,' *prudence* (laughter)—one would have thought, when they heard that name spoken with contempt, their ready eloquence would have leaped from its scabbard to avenge even a word that threatened him with insult. But it never came—never (sensation)! I do not say I blame them. Perhaps they thought they should serve the cause better by drawing a broad black line between themselves and him. Perhaps they thought the devil could be cheated; I do not think he can (laughter and cheers).

We are perfectly willing—I am for one—to be the dead lumber that shall make a path for these men into the light and love of the people. We hope for nothing better. Use us freely, in any way, for the slave. When the temple is finished, the tools will not complain that they are thrown aside, let who will lead up the nation to put on the topstone with shoutings. But while so much remains to be done, while our little camp is beleaguered all about, do nothing to weaken his influence, whose sagacity, more than any other single man's, has led us up hither, and whose name is identified with that movement which the North still heeds, and the South still fears the most. After all, Mr. Chairman, this is no hard task. We know very well that, notwithstanding this loud clamour about our harsh judgments of men and things, our opinions differ very little from those of our Free Soil friends, or of intelligent men generally, when you really get at them. When men lay aside the judicial ermine, the senator's robe, or the party collar, and sit down in private life, you can hardly distinguish their tones from ours. Their eyes seem as anointed as our *own*. As in Pope's day—

> 'At all we laugh they laugh, no doubt;
> The only difference is, we dare *laugh out*.'

Caution is not always good policy in a cause like ours. It is said that when Napoleon saw the day going against him, he used to throw away all the rules of war, and trust himself to the hot impetuosity of the soldiers. The masses are governed more by impulse than conviction; and even were it not so, the convictions of most men are on our side, and this will surely appear, if we can only pierce the crust of their prejudice or indifference. I observe that our Free Soil friends never stir their audience so deeply as when some individual leaps beyond the platform, and strikes upon the very heart of the people. Men listen to discussions of laws and tactics with ominous patience. It is when Mr. Sumner, in Faneuil Hall, avows his determination to disobey the Fugitive Slave Law, and cries out 'I was a man before I was a commissioner'—when Mr. Giddings says of slave insurrections, 'If that is the only path to freedom, let them come,' that their associates on the platform are sure they are wrecking the party—while many a heart beneath beats its first pulse of Anti-Slavery life.

These are brave words. When I compare them with the general tone of Free Soil men in Congress, I distrust the atmosphere of Washington and of politics. These men move about Sauls and Goliaths among us, taller by many a cubit. There they lose port and stature. Mr. Sumner's Speech in the Senate unsays no part of his Faneuil Hall pledge. But, discussing the same topic, no one would gather from any word or argument that the speaker ever took such ground as he did in Faneuil Hall. It is all through, the *law*, the *manner*, of the surrender, not the surrender itself, of the slave that he objects to. As my friend Mr. Pillsbury so forcibly says, so far as anything in the speech shows, he puts the slave behind the jury trial, behind the *habeas corpus* act, and behind the new interpretation of the Constitution, and says to the slave claimant—'You must get through all these before you reach him; and if you *can* get through all these, you may have him!' It was no tone like this which made the old Hall rock! Not if he got through twelve jury trials, and forty *habeas corpus* acts, and constitutions built high as yonder monument, would he permit so much as the shadow of the little finger of the slave claimant to touch the slave (great applause)! At least, so he was understood. In an elaborate discussion by the leader of the political Anti-Slavery party, of the whole topic of fugitive slaves, you do not find one protest against the surrender itself, one frank expression on the constitutional clause, or any indication of the speaker's final purpose, should any one be properly claimed under that provision. It was under no such uncertain trumpet that the Anti-Slavery host was originally marshalled. The tone is that of the German soldiers whom Napoleon routed. They didn't care, they said, for the defeat, but only that they were not beat according to rule (laughter and cheers). Mr. Mann said in one of his speeches, that 'he felt for the fugitive slave as for his own blood brother,—that he ought to do as much for him as for his blood brother and BUT *for the Constitution* of the United States, he would risk everything rather than let him be surrendered.' What a 'But'! from the lips, too, of a champion of the higher law! Spite of all constitutions, neither my mother's son nor any other mother's son shall, with my consent, go back to bondage (enthusiastic cheers). So speaks the *heart*—Mr. Mann's version is that of the politician.

Mr. Mann's recent speech in August, '52, has the same non-committal tone to which I have alluded, as Mr. Sumner's. While professing, in the most eloquent terms, his loyalty to the Higher Law, Mr. Sutherland asked—'Is there, in Mr. Mann's opinion, any conflict between the Higher Law and the Constitution! If so, what is it? If not so, why introduce an irrelevant topic into the debate? *Mr. Mann avoided any reply and asked not to be interrupted!* Is that the frankness which becomes an Abolitionist? Can such concealment help any cause? The design of Mr. Sutherland is evident. If Mr. Mann had allowed there was no conflict between the Higher Law and the Constitution, all his remarks were futile and out of order. But if he asserted that any such conflict existed, how did he justify himself in swearing to support that instrument! a question our Free Soil friends are slow to meet. Mr. Mann saw the dilemma, and avoided it by silence!

The same speech contains the usual deprecatory assertions that Free Soilers have no wish to interfere with Slavery in the States; that they 'consent to let Slavery remain where it is.' If he means that he, Horace Mann, a moral and accountable being, 'consents to let Slavery remain where it is,' all the rest of his speech is sound and fury, signifying nothing. If he means that he, Horace Mann, *as a politician and party man*, consents to that, but, elsewhere and otherwise, will do his best to abolish this 'all-comprehending wickedness of Slavery, in which every wrong and every crime has its natural home'—then he should have plainly said so. Otherwise his disclaimer is but an unworthy trick, which could have deceived none. He must have known that all the South care for is the *action*, not in what *capacity* the deed is done.

Mr. Giddings is more careful in his statement; but judged by his speeches on the 'Platforms,' how little does he seem to understand either his own duty or the true philosophy of the Cause he serves. He says—

> 'We, sir, would drive the Slave question from discussion in this Hall. It never had a constitutional existence here. Separate this Government from all interference with Slavery; let the Federal power wash its hands from that institution; let us purify ourselves from its contagion; leave it with the States, who alone have the power to sustain it—then, sir, will agitation cease with regard to it here; then we shall have nothing more to do with it, our time will be no more occupied with it; and, like a band of freemen, a band of brothers, we could meet here, legislate for the prosperity, the improvement of mankind, for the elevation of our race.'

Mr. Sumner speaks in the same strain. He says:

> 'The time will come when Courts or Congress will declare, that nowhere under the Constitution can man hold property in man. For the Republic, such a decree will be the way of peace and safety. As Slavery is banished from the National jurisdiction, it will cease to vex our National politics. It may linger in the States as a local institution, but it will no longer engender national animosities when it no longer demands national support.' * * * 'For himself, he knows *no better aim* under the Constitution than to bring the Government back to the precise position which it occupied when it was launched.'

This seems to me a very mistaken strain. Whenever Slavery is banished from our National jurisdiction, it will be a momentous gain, a vast stride. But let us not mistake the half-way house for the end of the journey. I will not say that it matters not to Abolitionists under what special law Slavery exists. Their battle lasts while it exists anywhere, and I doubt not Mr. Sumner and Mr Giddings feel themselves enlisted for the whole war. I will even suppose, what neither of these gentlemen states, that their plan includes not only that Slavery shall be abolished in the District and in the Territories, but that the slave basis of representation shall be struck from the Constitution, and the slave-surrender clause construed away. But even then, do Mr. Giddings or Mr. Sumner really believe that Slavery, existing in its full force in the State, 'will cease to vex our national politics'? Can they point to any State where a powerful oligarchy, possessed of immense wealth, had ever existed without attempting to meddle in the government? Even now, do not manufacturing, banking and commercial capital perpetually vex our politics? Why should not slave capital exert the same influence? Do they imagine that a hundred thousand men, possessed of *two thousand millions of dollars*, which they feel the spirit of the age is seeking to tear from their grasp, will not eagerly catch at all the support they can obtain by getting the control of the Government? In a land where the dollar is almighty, 'where the sin of not being rich is only atoned for by the effort to become so,' do they doubt that such an oligarchy will generally succeed? Besides, banking and manufacturing capital are not urged by despair to seek a controlling influence in politics. They know they are about equally safe whichever party rules—that no party wishes to legislate their rights away. Slave property knows that its being allowed to exist depends on its having the virtual control of the Government. Its constant presence in politics is dictated, therefore, by despair as well as by the wish to secure fresh privileges. Money, however, is not the only strength of the Slave Power. That indeed were enough in an age when capitalists are our feudal barons. But though driven entirely from National shelter, the slaveholders would have the strength of old associations, and of peculiar laws in their own States, which give those States wholly into their hands. A weaker prestige, fewer privileges, and less comparative wealth, have enabled the British aristocracy to rule England for two centuries, though the root of their strength was out at Naseby. It takes ages for deeply-rooted institutions to die. And driving Slavery into the States will hardly be our Naseby. Whoever, therefore, lays the flattering unction to his soul, that while Slavery exists anywhere in the States, our legislators will set down 'like a band of brothers'—unless they are all slaveholding brothers—is doomed to find himself wofully mistaken. Mr. Adams, ten years ago, refused to sanction this doctrine of his friend, Mr. Giddings, combatting it ably and eloquently in his well-known reply to Ingersoll.

But is Mr. Giddings willing to sit down with slaveholders, 'like a band of brothers,' knowing all the time that they are tyrants at home, and not seek to use the common strength to protect their victims? Does he not know that it is impossible for free States and slave States to unite under any form of Constitution, no matter how clean the parchment may be, without the compact resulting in new strength to the slave system? It is the unimpaired strength of Massachusetts and New York, and the youthful vigour of Ohio, that, even now, enable bankrupt Carolina to hold up the institution. Every nation must maintain peace within her limits. No government can exist which does not fulfil that function. When we say the Union will maintain peace in Carolina, that being a slave State, what does 'peace' mean? It means keeping the slave beneath the heel of his master. Now, even on the principle of two wrongs making a right, if we put this great weight of a common government into the scale of the slaveholder, we are bound to add something equal to the slave's side. But no, Mr. Giddings is content to give the slaveholder the irresistible and organic half of a common government, and bind himself to utter no word, and move not a finger, in his civil capacity, to help the slave? An Abolitionist will find himself not much at home, I fancy, in that 'band of brothers'!

And Mr. Sumner 'knows no better aim, under the Constitution, than to bring back the Government' to where it was in 1789! Has the voyage been so very honest and prosperous a one, in his opinion, that his only wish is to start again with the same ship, the same crew and the same sailing orders? Grant all he claims, as to the state of public opinion, the intentions of leading men, and the form of our institutions at that period, with all these checks on wicked men, and helps to good ones, here we are! according to his own showing, ruled by Slavery, tainted to the core with Slavery, and binding the infamous Fugitive Slave Law like an honorable frontlet on our brows. The more accurate and truthful his glowing picture of the public virtues of 1789, the stronger my argument. If even all those great patriots, and all that enthusiasm for justice and liberty did not avail to keep us safe, what will? In such desperate circumstances, can his statesmanship devise no better aim than to try the same experiment over again, under precisely the same conditions? What new guarantees does he propose to prevent the voyage from being turned again into a piratical slave-trading cruise? None! Have sixty years taught us nothing? In 1660 the English thought, in recalling Charles II., that the memory of that scaffold which had once darkened the windows of Whitehall, would be guarantee enough for his good behaviour. But, spite of the spectre, Charles II. repeated Charles I., and James outdid him. Wiser by this experience, when the nation, in 1689, got another chance, they trusted to no guarantees, but so arranged the very elements of their government, that William III. *could not* repeat Charles I. Let us profit by the lesson. These mistakes of leading men merit constant attention. The Anti-Slavery awakening has cost too many years and too much labour to risk letting its energy be turned into a wrong channel, or balked by fruitless experiments. Neither the slave nor the country must be cheated a second time.

Mr. Chairman, when I remember the grand port of these men elsewhere, and witness this confusion of ideas, and vailing of their proud crests in party necessities, they seem to me to lose in Washington something of their old giant proportions. How often have we witnessed this change. It seems the inevitable result of political life under any government, but especially under ours. And we are surprised at it in these men only because we fondly hoped they would be exceptions to the general rule. It was Chamfort, I think, who first likened a republican Senate House to Milton's Pandemonium, another proof of the rare insight French writers have shown in criticising Republican Institutions. The Capitol at Washington always brings to my mind that other Capitol which, in Milton's great Epic, 'rose like an exhalation' 'from the burning marl'—that towered palace, 'with starry lamps and blazing cressets' hung—fixed in stately height, with 'roof of fretted gold,' its hall 'like a covered field.' You remember, Sir, the host of archangels gathered round it, and how thick the airy crowd

> 'Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,
> Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed
> In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
> Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
> Throng numberless, like that pygmean race
> Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
> Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
> Or fountain, some belated peasant sees.
> * * * *
> Thus incorporal spirits to smallest forms
> Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
> Though without number still, amid the hall
> Of that infernal court.'

Mr. Chairman, they got no farther than the hall! (cheers). They were not a *healthy* party. The healthy party—the men who made no compromise in order to come under that arch—Milton describes further on, where he says—

> —— 'But far within,
> And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
> The great seraphic lords and cherubim,
> In close recess, and secret conclave, sat,
> A thousand demi-gods on golden seats
> Frequent and full.'

These were the healthy party! (loud applause). These are the Casses and the Houstons, the Footes and the Soulés, the Clays, the Websters, and the Douglasses, that bow no lofty forehead in the dust, but can find ample room and verge enough under the Constitution. Our friends go down there, and must be dwarfed into pigmies before they can find space within the lists (cheers)!

It would be superfluous to say that we recognise the entire sincerity and true-heartedness of these men. But in critical times, when one wrong step entails most disastrous consequences, to 'mean well' is not enough. Sincerity is no shield for any man for the criticism of his fellow-labourers. I do not fear that such men as these will take offence at our discussion of their views and conduct. Long years of labour, in which we have borne at least our share, have resulted in a golden opportunity. How to use it friends differ. Shall we stand courteously silent and let them play out the play, when, to our thinking, their plan will slacken the zeal, balk the hopes and waste the efforts of the slave's friends? No, I put that confidence in Charles Sumner's love for the cause, that I know he will welcome my criticism whenever I deem his counsel wrong and will hail any effort to serve our common client more efficiently (great cheering). It is not his honour or mine that is at issue, not his feeling or mine that is to be consulted; the only question with either of us is, what in these trial moments can be done? where can the hardest blow be struck. I hope I am just to Mr. Sumner. I have known him long and honour him. I know his genius. I honour his virtues. If, from his high place, he sends out counsels which I think dangerous to the cause, I am bound to raise my voice against them. I do my duty in a private communication to him first, then in public, to his friends and mine. The friendship that will not bear criticism is but the frost work of a winter's morning, which the sun looks upon and it is gone. His friendship will survive all that I shall have to say of him, and mine will survive all that he shall say of me. And this is the only way in which the Anti-Slavery cause can be served. Truth, success, victory, triumph over all the slave's foes, this is the only thing either of us want (cheers).

If all I have said to you is untrue, if I have exaggerated, explain to me this fact. In 1831, Mr. Garrison commenced a paper advocating the doctrine of immediate emancipation. He had against him the thirty thousand churches and all the clergy of the country—its wealth, its commerce, its press. In 1831, what was the state of things? There was the most entire ignorance and apathy on the slave question. If men knew of the existence of Slavery, it was only as a part of picturesque Virginia life. No one preached, no one talked, no one wrote about it. No whisper of it stirred the surface of the political sea. The Church heard of it occasionally, when some Colonization agent asked funds to send the blacks to Africa. Old school books tainted with some Anti-Slavery selections had passed out of use, and new ones were compiled to suit the times. Soon as any dissent from the prevailing faith appeared, every one set himself to crush it. The pulpits preached at it: the press denounced it: mobs tore down houses, threw presses into the fire and the stream, and shot the editors: religious conventions tried to smother it; parties arrayed themselves against it. Daniel Webster boasted in the Senate that he had never introduced the subject of Slavery to that body, and never would. Mr. Clay, in 1839, makes a speech for the Presidency, in which he says, that to discuss the subject of Slavery is moral treason, and that no man has a right to introduce the subject into Congress. Mr. Benton, in 1844, laid down his platform, and he not only denies the right, but asserts he never has and never will discuss the subject. Yet Mr. Clay, from '39 down to his death, hardly made a remarkable speech of any kind, except on Slavery. Mr. Webster having indulged now and then in a little easy rhetoric, as at Niblo's and elsewhere, generously contributing his aid to both sides, opens his mouth in 1850, and stops talking about it only when death closes his lips. Mr. Benton's six or eight speeches in the United States Senate have all been on the subject of Slavery in the Southwestern section of the country, and form the basis of whatever claim he has to the character of a statesman, and he owes his seat in the next Congress to Anti-Slavery pretensions! The Whig and Democratic parties pledged themselves just as emphatically against the Anti-Slavery discussion—against agitation and free speech. These men said, 'It shan't be talked about, it won't be talked about!' These are *your Statesmen!*—men who understand the present, that is, and mould the future! The man who understands his own time, and whose genius moulds the future to his views, he is a statesman, is he not? These men devoted themselves to banks, to the tariff, to internal improvements, to constitutional and financial questions. They said to Slavery—'Back! no entrance here! We pledge ourselves against it.' And then there came up a humble printer boy, who whipped them into the traces, and made them talk, like Hotspur's startling, nothing BUT Slavery. He scattered all these gigantic shadows—tariff, bank, constitutional questions, financial questions—and Slavery, like the colossal head in Walpole's romance, came up and filled the whole political horizon (enthusiastic applause)! Yet you must remember he is not a statesman; he is a 'fanatic.' He has no discipline—Mr. 'Ion' says so; he does not understand the 'discipline that is essential to victory'! This man did not understand his own time—he did not know what the future was to be—he was not able to shape it—he had no 'prudence'—he had no 'foresight'! Daniel Webster says, 'I have never introduced this subject, and never will'—and died broken-hearted because he had not been able to talk enough about it Benton says, 'I will never speak of Slavery'—and lives to break with his party on this issue! Mr. Clay says it is 'moral treason' to introduce the subject into Congress, and lives to see Congress turned into an Anti-Slavery Debating Society, to suit the purpose of one 'too powerful individual'!

These were statesmen, mark you! They have gone to their graves covered with eulogy; and our national stock of eloquence is all insufficient to describe how profound and far reaching was the sagacity of Daniel Webster! Remember who it was that said, in 1831, 'I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—*and I will be heard*' (repeated cheers). That speaker has lived twenty-two years, and the complaint of twenty-three millions of people is, 'Shall we ever hear of anything but Slavery' (cheers)? I heard Dr. Kirk, of Boston, say in his own pulpit, when he returned from London—where he had been as a representative to the 'Evangelical Alliance'—'I went up to London, and they asked me what I thought of the question of immediate emancipation? They examined us all. Is an American never to travel any where in the world, but men will throw this troublesome question in his face?' Well, it is all HIS fault [pointing to Mr. Garrison] (enthusiastic cheers).

Now, when we come to talk of statesmanship, of sagacity in choosing time and measures, to endeavour, by proper means, to right the public mind, of keen insight into the present and potent sway over the future, it seems to me that the Abolitionists, who have taken—whether for good or for ill, whether to their discredit or to their praise—this country by the four corners, and shaken it until you can hear nothing but Slavery, whether you travel in railroad or steamboat, whether you enter the hall of legislation or read the columns of a newspaper—it seems to me that such men may point to the present aspect of the nation, to their originally avowed purpose, to the pledges and efforts of all your great men against them, and allow you to settle to which side the credits of sagacity and statesmanship belongs. Napoleon employed himself, at St. Helena, in showing how Wellington ought not to have conquered at Waterloo. The world has never got time to listen to the explanation. Sufficient for them that the Allies entered Paris. In like manner, it seems hardly the province of a defeated Church and State to deny the skill of measures by which they have been conquered.

It may sound strange to some, this claim for Mr. Garrison

Miscellaneous Department.

THE GREAT CRANFORD PANIC.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Miss Pole was very much inclined to install herself as a heroine, because of the decided steps she had taken in flying from the two men and one woman, whom she entitled "that murderous gang." She described their appearance in glowing colours; and I noticed that every time she went over the story, some fresh trait of villany was added to their appearance. One was tall—he grew to be gigantic in height before we had done with him—he of course had black hair; and by and bye, it hung in elf-locks over his forehead and down his back. The other was short and broad, and a hump sprouted out on his shoulder before we heard the last of him; he had red hair, which deepened to carrotty, and she was almost sure he had a cast in his eye—a decided squint. As for the woman, her eyes glared, and she was masculine-looking; a perfect virago, most probably a man dressed in woman's clothes: afterwards, we heard of a beard on her chin, and a manly voice and a stride. If Miss Pole was delighted to recount the events of that afternoon to all inquirers, others were not so proud of their adventures in the robbery line. Mr. Hoggins, the surgeon, had been attacked at his own door by two ruffians, who were concealed in the shadow of the porch, and so effectually silenced him, that he was robbed in the interval between ringing his bell and the servant's answering it. Miss Pole was sure it would turn out that this robbery had been committed by "her men," and went the very day she heard of the report to have her teeth examined, and to question Mr. Hoggins. She came to us afterwards; so we heard what she had heard, straight and direct from the source, while we were yet in the excitement and flutter of the agitation caused by the first intelligence; for the event had only occurred the night before.

"Well!" said Miss Pole, sitting down with the decision of a person who has made up her mind as to the nature of life and the world (and such people never tread lightly, or seat themselves without a bump)—"Well, Miss Matey! men will be men. Every mother's son of them wishes to be considered Samson and Solomon rolled into one—too strong ever to be beaten or discomfited, too wise ever to be outwitted. If you will notice, they have always foreseen events, though they never tell one for one's warning before the events happen; my father was a man, and I know the sex pretty well."

She had talked herself out of breath, and we should have been very glad to fill up the necessary pause as chorus, but we did not exactly know what to say, or which man had suggested this diatribe against the sex; so we only joined in generally, with a grave shake of the head, and a soft murmur of "They are very incomprehensible, certainly!"

"Now only think," said she. "There I have undergone the risk of having one of my remaining teeth drawn (for one is terribly at the mercy of any surgeon-dentist; and I, for one, always speak them fair till I have got my mouth out of their clutches), and after all, Mr. Hoggins is too much of a man to own that he was robbed last night."

"Not robbed!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Don't tell me!" Miss Pole exclaimed, angry that we could be for a moment imposed upon. "I believe he was robbed, just as Betty told me, and he is ashamed to own it: and, to be sure, it was very silly of him to be robbed just at his own door; I dare say, he feels that such a thing won't raise him in the eyes of Cranford society, and is anxious to conceal it—but he need not have tried to impose upon me, by saying I must have heard an exaggerated account of some petty theft of a neck of mutton, which, it seems, was stolen out of the safe in his yard last week; he had the impertinence to add, he believed that that was taken by the cat. I have no doubt, if I could get to the bottom of it, it was that Irishman dressed up in woman's clothes, who came spying about my house, with the story about the starving children."

After we had duly condemned the want of candour which Mr. Hoggins had evinced, and abused men in general, taking him for the representative and type, we got round to the subject about which we had been talking when Miss Pole came in, namely, how far, in the present disturbed state of the country, we could venture to accept an invitation which Miss Matey had just received from Mrs. Forrester, to come as usual and keep the anniversary of her wedding-day, by drinking tea with her at five o'clock, and playing a quiet pool afterwards. Mrs. Forrester had said, that she asked us with some diffidence, because the roads were, she feared, very unsafe. But she suggested that, perhaps, one of us would not object to take the sedan; and that the others, by walking briskly, might keep up with the long trot of the chairmen, and so we might all arrive safely at Over Place, a suburb of the town. (No. That is too large an expression: a small cluster of houses separated from Cranford by about two hundred yards of a dark and lonely lane.) There was no doubt but that a similar note was awaiting Miss Pole at home; so her call was a very fortunate affair, as it enabled us to consult together. We would all much rather have declined this invitation; but we felt that it would not be quite kind to Mrs. Forrester, who would otherwise be left to a solitary retrospect of her not very happy or fortunate life. Miss Matey and Miss Pole had been visitors on this occasion for many years; and now they gallantly determined to nail their colours to the mast, and to go through Darkness Lane rather than fail in loyalty to their friend.

But when the evening came, Miss Matey (for it was she who was voted into the chair, as she had a cold), before being shut down in the sedan like jack-in-a-box, implored the chairmen, whatever might befall, not to run away and leave her fastened up there, to be murdered; and even after they had promised, I saw her tighten her features into the stern determination of a martyr, and she gave me a melancholy and ominous shake of the head through the glass. However, we got there safely, only rather out of breath, for it was who could trot hardest through Darkness Lane, and I am afraid poor Miss Matey was sadly jolted.

Mrs. Forrester had made extra preparations in acknowledgment of our exertion in coming to see her through such dangers. The usual forms of genteel ignorance as to what her servants might send up were all gone through; and harmony and Preference seemed likely to be the order of the evening, but for an interesting conversation that began I don't know how, but which had relation, of course, to the robbers who infested the neighbourhood of Cranford. Having braved the dangers of Darkness Lane, and thus having a little stock of reputation for courage to fall back upon; and also, I dare say, desirous of proving ourselves superior to men (*videlicet* Mr. Hoggins), in the article of candour, we began to relate our individual fears, and the private precautions we each of us took. I owned that my pet apprehension was eyes—eyes looking at me, and watching me, glittering out from some dull flat woollen surface; and that if I dared to go up to my looking-glass when I was panic-stricken, I should certainly turn it round, with its back towards me, for fear of seeing eyes behind me looking out of the darkness. I saw Miss Matey nerving herself up for a confession; and at last out it came. She owned that, ever since she had been a girl, she had dreaded being caught by her last leg, just as she was getting into bed, by some one concealed under the bed. She said, when she was younger and more active, she used to take a flying leap from a distance, and so bring both her legs up safely into bed at once; but that this had always annoyed Deborah, who piqued herself upon getting into bed gracefully, and she had given it up in consequence. But now the old terror would often come over her, especially since Miss Pole's house had been attacked (we had got quite to believe in the fact of the attack having taken place), and yet it was very unpleasant to think of looking under a bed, and seeing a man concealed, with a great fierce face staring out at you; so she had bethought herself of something—perhaps I had noticed that she had told Martha to buy her a penny ball, such as children play with—and now she rolled this ball under the bed every night; if it came out on the other side, well and good; if not, she always took care to have her hand on the bell-rope, and meant to call out John and Harry, just as if she expected men-servants to answer her ring.

We all applauded this ingenious contrivance, and Miss Matey sank back into satisfied silence, with a look at Mrs. Forrester as if to ask for *her* private weakness.

Mrs. Forrester looked askance at Miss Pole, and tried to change the subject a little, by telling us that she had borrowed a boy from one of the neighbouring cottages, and promised his parents a hundred-weight of coal at Christmas, and his supper every evening, for the loan of him at nights. She had instructed him in his possible duties when he first came; and, finding him sensible, she had given him the major's sword (the major was her late husband), and desired him to put it very carefully behind his pillow at night, turning the edge towards the head of the pillow. He was a sharp lad, she was sure; for, spying out the major's cocked hat, he had said, if he might have that to wear, he was sure he could frighten two Englishmen, or four Frenchmen, any day. But she had impressed upon him anew that he was to lose no time in putting on hats or anything else; but, if he heard any noise, he was to run at it with his drawn sword. On my suggesting that some accident might occur from such slaughterous and indiscriminate directions, and that he might rush on Jenny getting up to wash, and have spitted her before he had discovered that she was not a Frenchman, Mrs. Forrester said she did not think that that was likely, for he was a very sound sleeper, and generally had to be well shaken or cold-pigged in a morning before they could rouse him. She sometimes thought such dead sleep must be owing to the hearty suppers the poor lad ate, for he was half-starved at home, and she told Jenny to see that he got a good meal at night.

Still this was no confession of Mrs. Forrester's peculiar timidity, and we urged her to tell us what she thought would frighten her more than anything. She paused, and stirred the fire, and snuffed the candles, and then she said, in a sounding whisper,

"Ghosts!"

She looked at Miss Pole, as much as to say she had declared it, and would stand by it. Such a look was a challenge in itself, Miss Pole came down upon her with indigestion, spectral allusions, optical delusions, and a great deal out of Dr. Ferrier and Dr. Hibbert besides. Miss Matey had rather a leaning to ghosts, as I have said before, and what little she did say, was all on Mrs. Forrester's side, who, emboldened by sympathy, protested that ghosts were a part of her religion; that surely she, the widow of a major in the army, knew what to be frightened at, and what not; in short, I never saw Mrs. Forrester so warm either before or since, for she was a gentle, meek, enduring old lady in most things. Not all the elder-wine that ever was mulled, could this night wash out the remembrance of this difference between Miss Pole and her hostess. Indeed, when the elder-wine was brought in, it gave rise to a new burst of discussion; for Jenny, the little maiden who staggered under the tray, and had to give evidence of having seen a ghost with her own eyes, not so many nights ago, in Darkness Lane—the very lane we were to go through on our way home. In spite of the uncomfortable feeling which this last consideration gave me, I could not help being amused at Jenny's position, which was exceedingly like that of a witness being examined and cross-examined by two counsel who are not at all scrupulous about asking leading questions. The conclusion I arrived at was, that Jenny had certainly seen something beyond what a fit of indigestion would have caused. A lady all in white, and without her head, was what she deposed and adhered to, supported by a consciousness of the secret sympathy of her mistress under the withering scorn with which Miss Pole regarded her. And not only she, but many others had seen this headless lady, who sat by the roadside wringing her hands as in deep grief. Mrs. Forrester looked at us from time to time, with an air of conscious triumph; but then she had not to pass through Darkness Lane before she could bury herself beneath her own familiar bed-clothes.

We preserved a discreet silence as to the headless lady while we were putting on our things to go home, for there was no knowing how near the ghostly head and ears might, or what spiritual connexion there might be keeping up with the unhappy body in Darkness Lane; and therefore, even Miss Pole felt that it was as well not to speak lightly on such subjects, for fear of vexing or insulting that woe-begone trunk. At least, so I conjecture; for, instead of the busy clatter usual in the operation, we tied on our cloaks as sadly as mutes at a funeral. Miss Matey drew the curtains round the windows of the chair to shut out disagreeable sights; and the men (either because they were in spirits that their labours were so nearly ended, or because they were going down hill) set off at such a round and merry pace, that it was all Miss Pole and I could do to keep up with them. She had breath for nothing beyond an imploring "Don't leave me!" uttered as she clutched my arm so tightly that I could not have quitted her, ghost or no ghost. What a relief it was when the men, weary of their burden and their quick trot, stopped just where Headingley-causeway branches off from Darkness Lane! Miss Pole unloosed me and caught at one of the men.

"Could you not—could you not take Miss Matey round by Headingley-causeway—the pavement in Darkness Lane jolts so, and she is not very strong?"

A smothered voice was heard from the inside of the chair—

"Oh! pray go on! what is the matter? What is the matter? I will give you sixpence more to go on very fast; pray don't stop here."—and I'll give you a shilling," said Miss Pole with tremulous dignity, "if you'll go by Headingley-causeway."

The two men grunted acquiescence and took up the chair and went along the causeway, which certainly answered Miss Pole's kind purpose of saving Miss Matey's bones; for it was covered with soft thick mud, and even a fall there would have been easy, till the getting up came, when there might have been some difficulty in extrication.

The next morning I met Lady Glenmire and Miss Pole, setting out on a long walk to find some old woman who was famous in the neighbourhood for her skill in knitting woollen stockings. Miss Pole said to me, with a smile half kindly and half contemptuous upon her countenance, "I have been just telling Lady Glenmire of our poor friend Mrs. Forrester, and her terror of ghosts. It comes from living so much alone, and listening to the bug-a-boo stories of that Jenny of hers." She was so calm and so much above superstitious fears herself, that I was almost ashamed to say how glad I had been of her Headingley-causeway proposition the night before, and turned off the conversation to something else.

In the afternoon Miss Pole called on Miss Matey to tell her of the adventure—the real adventure they had met with on their morning's walk. They had been perplexed about the exact path which they were to take across the fields, in order to find the knitting old woman, and had stopped to inquire at a little way-side public-house, standing on the high-road to London, about three miles from Cranford. The good woman had asked them to sit down and rest themselves, while she fetched her husband, who could direct them better than she could; and, while they were sitting in the sanded parlour, a little girl came in. They thought that she belonged to the landlady, and began some trifling conversation with her; but, on Mrs. Robert's return, she told them that the little thing was the only child of a couple who were staying in the house. And then she began a long story, out of which Lady Glenmire and Miss Pole could only gather one or two decided facts, which were that, about six weeks ago, a light spring-cart had broken down just before their door, in which there were two men, one woman, and this child. One of the men was seriously hurt—no bones broken, only "shaken," the landlady called it; but he had probably sustained some severe internal injury, for he had languished in their house ever since, attended by his wife, the mother of this little girl. Miss Pole had asked what he was, what he looked like. And Mrs. Roberts had made answer that he was not like a gentleman, nor yet like a common person; if it had not been that he and his wife were such decent quiet people, she could have almost thought that he was a mountebank, or something of that kind, for they had a great box in the cart, full of she did not know what. She had helped to unpack it, and take out their linen and clothes, when the other man—his twin brother, she believed he was—had gone off with the horse and cart.

Miss Pole had begun to have her suspicions at this point, and expressed her idea that it was rather strange that the box and cart and horse and all should have disappeared; but good Mrs. Roberts seemed to have become quite indignant at Miss Pole's implied suggestion; in fact, Miss Pole said, she was as angry as if Miss Pole had told her that she herself was a swindler. As the best way of convincing the ladies, she bethought her of begging them to see the wife; and, as Miss Pole said, there was no doubting the honest, worn, bronzed face of the woman, who, at the first tender word of Lady Glenmire, burst into tears, which she was too weak to check, until some word from the landlady made her swallow down her sobs, in order that she might testify to the Christian kindness shown by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. Miss Pole came round with a swing to as vehement a belief in the sorrowful tale as she had been sceptical before; and, as a proof of this, her energy in the poor sufferer's behalf was nothing daunted when she found out that he, and no other, was our Signor Brunoni, to whom all Cranford had been attributing all manner of evil this six weeks past! Yes! his wife said his proper name was Samuel Brown—"Sam," she called him—but to the last we preferred calling him "the Signor," it sounded so much better.

The end of the conversation with the Signor Brunoni was, that it was agreed that he should be placed under medical advice, and for any expense incurred in procuring this Lady Glenmire promised to hold herself responsible; and had accordingly gone to Mr. Hoggins to beg him to ride over to the Rising Sun that very afternoon, and examine into the Signor's real state; and as Miss Pole said, if it was desirable to remove him to Cranford to be more immediately under Mr. Hoggins's eye, she would undertake to see for lodgings, and arrange about the rent. Mrs. Roberts had been as kind as could be all throughout; but it was evident that their long residence there had been a slight inconvenience. Before Miss Pole left us, Miss Matey and I were as full of the morning's adventure as she was. We talked about it all the evening, turning it in every possible light, and we went to bed anxious for the morning, when we should surely hear from some one what Mr. Hoggins thought and recommended. For, as Miss Matey observed, though Mr. Hoggins did say "Jack's up," "a fig for his heels," and called Preference "Pref," she believed he was a very worthy man, and a very clever surgeon. Indeed, we are rather proud of our doctor at Cranford, as a doctor.

We often wished, when we heard of Queen Adelaide or the Duke of Wellington being ill, that they would send for Mr. Hoggins; but on consideration we were rather glad they did not, for if we were ailing, what should we do if Mr. Hoggins had been appointed physician-in-ordinary to the Royal Family? As a surgeon we were proud of him; but as a man—or rather, I should say, as a gentleman—we could only shake our heads over his name and himself, and wish that he had read Lord Chesterfield's Letters in the days when his manners were susceptible of improvement. Nevertheless, we all regarded his dictum in the Signor's case as infallible; and when he said, that with care and attention he might rally, we had no more fear for him.

But though we had no more fear, everybody did as much as if there was great cause for anxiety—as indeed there was, until Mr. Hoggins took charge of him. Miss Pole looked out clean and comfortable, if homely, lodgings; Miss Matey sent the sedan-chair for him; and Martha and I aired it well before it left Cranford, by holding a warming-pan full of red hot coals in it, and then shutting it up close, smoke and all, until the time when he should get into it at the Rising Sun. Lady Glenmire undertook the medical department under Mr. Hoggins' directions; and rummaged up all Mrs. Jamieson's medicine glasses, and spoons, and bed-tables, in a free and easy way, that made Miss Matey feel a little anxious as to what that lady and Mr. Mulliner might say, if they knew. Mrs. Forrester made some of the bread-jelly, for which she was so famous, to have ready as a refreshment in the lodgings when he should arrive. A present of this bread jelly was the highest mark of favour dear Mrs. Forrester could confer. Miss Pole had once asked her for the receipt, but she had met with a very decided rebuff; that lady told her that she could not part with it to any one during her life, and that after her death it was bequeathed, as her executors would find, to Miss Matey. What Miss Matey—or, as Mrs. Forrester called her (remembering the clause in her will, and the dignity of the occasion) Miss Matilda Jenkyns—might choose to do with the receipt when it came into her possession—whether to make it public, or to hand it down as an heir-loom—she did not know, nor would she dictate. And a mould of this admirable, digestible, unique bread-jelly was sent by Mrs. Forrester to our poor sick conjuror. Who says that the aristocracy are proud? Here was a lady, by birth a Tyrrell, and descended from the great Sir Walter that shot King Rufus, and in whose veins ran the blood of him who murdered the little Princes in the Tower, going every day to see what dainty dishes she could prepare for Samuel Brown, a mountebank! But, indeed, it was wonderful to see what kind feelings were called out by this poor man's coming amongst us. And also wonderful to see how the great Cranford panic, which had been occasioned by his first coming in his Turkish dress, melted away into thin air on his second coming—pale and feeble, and with his heavy filmy eyes that only brightened a very little when they fell upon the countenance of his faithful wife, or the pale and sorrowful little girl.

Somehow, we all forgot to be afraid. I dare say it was, that finding out that he, who had at first excited our love of the marvellous by his unprecedented arts, had not sufficient every-day gifts to manage a shying horse, made us feel as if we were ourselves again. Miss Pole came with her little basket at all hours of the evening, as if her lonely house, and the unfrequented road to it, had never been infested by that "murderous gang;" Mrs. Forrester said, she thought that neither Jenny nor she need mind the headless lady who wept and wailed in Darkness Lane, for surely the power was never given to such beings to harm those who went about to try and do what little good was in their power; to which Jenny tremblingly assented; but her mistress' theory had little effect on the maid's practice, until she had sewed two pieces of red flannel, in the shape of a cross, on her inner garment.

I found Miss Matey covering her penny ball—the ball that she used to roll under her bed—with gay-coloured worsted in rainbow stripes.

"My dear," said she, "my heart is sad for that little care-worn child. Although her father is a conjuror, she looks as if she had never had a good game of play in her life. I used to make very pretty balls in this way when I was a girl, and I thought I would try if I could not make this one smart and take it to Phœbe this afternoon. I think 'the going' must have left the neighbourhood; for one does not hear any more of their violence and robbery now."

We were all of us far too full of the Signor's precarious state to talk about either robbers or ghosts. Indeed, Lady Glenmire said, she never had heard of any actual robberies; except that two little boys had stolen some apples from Farmer Benson's orchard, and that some eggs had been missed on a market-day off Widow Hayward's stall. But that was expecting too much of us; we could not acknowledge that we had only had this small foundation for all our panic. Miss Pole drew herself up at this remark of Lady Glenmire's; and said "that she wished she could agree with her as to the very small reason we had had for alarm; but, with the recollection of the man disguised as a woman, who had endeavoured to force himself into her house, while his confederates waited outside; with the knowledge, gained from Lady Glenmire herself, of the foot-prints seen on Mrs. Jamieson's flower-borders; with the fact before her of the audacious robbery committed on Mr. Hoggins at his own door—" But here Lady Glenmire broke in with a very strong expression of doubt as to whether this last story was not an entire fabrication, founded upon the theft of a cat; she grew so red while she was saying all this, that I was not surprised at Miss Pole's manner of bridling up, and I am certain, if Lady Glenmire had not been "her ladyship," we should have had a more emphatic contradiction than the "Well, to be sure!" and similar fragmentary ejaculations, which were all that she ventured upon in my lady's presence. But when she was gone, Miss Pole began a long congratulation to Miss Matey that, so far, they had escaped marriage, which she noticed always made people credulous to the last degree; indeed, she thought it argued great natural credulity in a woman if she could not keep herself from being married; and in what Lady Glenmire had said about Mr. Hoggin's robbery, we had a specimen of what people came to, if they gave way to such a weakness; evidently, Lady Glenmire would swallow anything, if she could believe the poor vamped-up story about a neck of mutton and a pussy, with which he had tried to impose on Miss Pole, only she had always been on her guard against believing too much of what men said.

We were thankful, as Miss Pole desired us to be, that we had never been married; but I think, of the two, we were even more thankful that the robbers had left Cranford; at least I judge so from a speech of Miss Matey's that evening, as we sat over the fire, in which she evidently looked upon a husband as a great protector against thieves, burglars, and ghosts; and said that she did not think that she should dare to be always warning young people of matrimony, as Miss Pole did continually; to be sure, marriage was a risk, as she saw now she had had some experience; but she remembered the time when she had looked forward to being married as much as any one.

"Not to any particular person, my dear," said she, hastily checking herself up as if she were afraid of having admitted too much; "only the old story, you know, of ladies always saying 'When I marry,' and gentlemen, 'If I marry.'" It was a joke spoken in rather a sad tone, and I doubt if either of us smiled; but I could not see Miss Matey's face by the flickering fire-light. In a little while she continued:

"But, after all, I have not told you the truth; it is so long ago, and no one ever knew how much I thought of it at the time, unless, indeed, my dear mother guessed; but I may say that there was a time when I did not think I should have been only Miss Matey Jenkyns all my life; for even if I did meet with any one who wished to marry me now (and, as Miss Pole says, one is never too safe), I could not take him—I hope he would not take it too much to heart, but I could *not* take him—or any one but the person I once thought I should be married to, and he is dead and gone, and he never knew how it all came about that I said 'no,' when I had thought many and many a time— Well, it's no matter what I thought. God ordains it all, and I am very happy, my dear. No one has such kind friends as I," continued she, taking my hand and holding it in hers. If I had never known of Mr. Holbrook, I could have said something in this pause, but as I had, I could not think of anything that would come in naturally, and so we both kept silence for a little time.

"My father once made us," she began, "keep a diary in two columns; on one side we were to put down in the morning what we thought would be the course and events of the coming day, and at night we were to put down on the other side what really had happened. It would be to some people rather a sad way of telling their lives"—a tear dropped upon my hand at these words—"I don't mean that mine has been sad, only so very different to what I expected. I remember, one winter's evening, sitting over our bed-room fire with Deborah, I remember it as if it were yesterday, and we were planning our future lives—both of us were planning, though only she talked about it. She said she should like to marry an archdeacon, and write his charges; and you know, my dear, she never was married, and, for aught I know, she never spoke to an unmarried archdeacon in her life. I never was ambitious, nor could I have written charges, but I thought I could manage a house (my mother used to call me her right hand), and I was always so fond of little children—the shyest babies would stretch out their little arms to come to me when I was a girl. I was half my leisure time nursing in the neighbouring cottages—but I don't know how it was, when I grew sad and grave—which I did a year or two after this time—the little things drew back from me, and I am afraid I lost the knack, though I am just as fond of children as ever, and have a strange yearning at my heart whenever I see a mother with her baby in her arms. Nay, my dear,"—and by a sudden blaze which sprang up from a fall of the unstirred coals, I saw that her eyes were full of tears, gazing intently on some vision of what might have been—"do you know, I dream sometimes that I have a little child—always the same—a little girl of about two years old, she never grows older, though I have dreamt about her for many years. I don't think I ever dream of any words or sounds she makes; she is very noiseless and still, but she comes to me when she is very sorry or very glad, and I have wakened with the clasp of her dear little arms round my neck. Only last night—perhaps because I had gone to sleep, thinking of this ball for Phœbe—my little darling came in my dream, and put up her mouth to be kissed, just as I have seen real babies do to real mothers before going to bed. But all this is nonsense, dear! only don't be frightened by Miss Pole from being married. I can fancy it may be a very happy state, and a little credulity helps one on through life very smoothly, better than always doubting, and seeing difficulties and disagreeables in everything."

If I had been inclined to be daunted from matrimony, it would not have been Miss Pole to do it; it would have been the lot of poor Signor Brunoni and his wife. And yet again, it was an encouragement to see how, through all their cares and sorrows, they thought of each other and not of themselves; and how keen were their joys, if they only passed through each other, or through the little Phœbe. The Signora told me, one day, a good deal about their lives up to this period. It began by my asking her whether Miss Pole's story of the twin-brothers was true; it sounded so wonderful a likeness, that I should had my doubts, if Miss Pole had been unmarried. But the Signora, or (as we found out she preferred to be called) Mrs. Brown, said it was quite true; that her brother-in-law was by many taken for her husband, which was of great assistance to them in their profession; "though," she continued, "How people can mistake Thomas for the real Signor Brunoni, I can't conceive; but he says they do; so I suppose I must believe him. Not but what he is a very good man; I am sure I don't know how we should have paid our bill at the Rising Sun, but for the money he sends; but people must know very little about art, if they can take him for my husband. Why, Miss, in the ball trick, where my husband spreads his fingers wide, and throws out his little finger with quite an air and a grace, Thomas just clumps up his hand like a fist, and might have ever so many balls hidden in it. Besides, he has never been in India, and knows nothing of the proper sit of a turban."

"Have you been in India?" said I, rather astonished.

"Oh yes! many a year ma'am. Sam was a serjeant in the 31st; and when the regiment was ordered to India, I drew a lot to go, and I was more thankful than I can tell; for it seemed as if it would only be a slow death to me to part from my husband. But, indeed, ma'am, if I had known all, I don't know whether I would not rather have died there and then, than gone through what I have done since. To be sure, I've been able to comfort Sam, and to be with him; but, ma'am, I've lost six children," said she, looking up at me with those strange eyes, that I have never noticed but in mothers of dead children—with a kind of wild look in them, as if seeking for what they never more might find; "Yes! Six children died off, like little buds nipped untimely, in that cruel India. I thought, as each died, I never could—I never would—love a child again; and when the next came, it had not only its own love, but the deeper love that came from the thoughts of its little dead brothers and sisters. And when Phœbe was coming, I said to my husband, 'Sam, when the child is born, and I am strong, I shall leave you; it will cut my heart cruel; but if this baby dies too, I shall go mad. The madness is in me now; but if you let me go down to Calcutta, carrying my baby step by step, it will may-be work itself off; and I will save, and I will hoard, and I will beg—and I will die, to get a passage home to England, where our baby may live!' God bless him! He said I might go; and he saved up his pay, and I saved every piece I could get for washing or any way; and when Phœbe came, and I grew strong again, I set off. It was very lonely; through the thick forests, dark again with their heavy trees—along by the rivers' side—(but I had been brought up near the Avon in Warwickshire, so that flowing noise sounded like home), from station to station, from Indian village to village, I went along, carrying my child. I had seen one of the officer's ladies with a little picture, ma'am, done by a Catholic foreigner, ma'am, of the Virgin and the little Saviour, ma'am. She had him on her arm, and her form was softly curled round him, and their cheeks touched. Well, when I went to bid good-bye to this lady, for whom I had washed, she cried sadly; for she, too, had lost her children, but she had not another to save, like me; and I was bold enough to ask her would she give me that print? And she cried the more, and said *her* children were with that little blessed Jesus; and gave it me, and told me she had heard it had been painted on the bottom of a cask, which made it have that round shape. And when my body was very weary, and my heart was sick (for there were times when I misdoubted if I could ever reach my home, and there were times when I thought of my husband; and one time when I thought my baby was dying), I took out that picture and looked at it, till I could have thought the mother spoke to me, and comforted me. And the natives were very kind. We could not understand one another; but they saw my baby on my breast, and they came out to me, and brought me rice and milk, and sometimes flowers—I have got some of the flowers dried. Then the next morning I was so tired; and they wanted me to stay with them—I could tell that—and tried to frighten me from going into the deep woods, which, indeed, looked very strange and dark; but it seemed to me as if Death was following me to take my baby away from me; and as it I must go on, and on—and I thought how God had cared for mothers ever since the world was made, and would care for me; so I bade them good-bye, and set off afresh. And once when my baby was ill, and both she and I needed rest, He led me to a place where I found a kind Englishman lived, right in the midst of the natives."

"And you reached Calcutta safely at last!"

"Yes! safely. Oh! when I knew I had only two days' journey more before me, I could not help it, ma'am—it might be idolatry, I cannot tell—but I was near one of the native temples, and I went in it with my baby to thank God for his great mercy; for it seemed to me, that where others had prayed before to their God, in their joy or in their agony, was of itself a sacred place. And I got as servant to an invalid lady, who grew quite fond of my baby aboard-ship; and, in two years' time, Sam earned his discharge, and came home to me, and to our child. Then he had to fix on a trade; but he knew of none; and, once, once upon a time, he had learnt some tricks from an Indian juggler, so he set up conjuring, and it answered so well that he took Thomas to help him—as his man, you know, not as another conjuror, though Thomas has set it up now on his own hook. But it has been a great help to us that likeness between the twins, and made a good many tricks go off well that they made up together. And Thomas is a good brother, only he has not the fine carriage of my husband, so that I can't think how he can be taken for Signor Brunoni himself, as he says he is."

"Poor little Phœbe!" said I, my thoughts going back to the baby she carried all those hundred miles.

"Ah! you may say so! I never thought I should have reared her, though, when she fell ill at Chunderabaddab; but that good, kind Aga Jenkyns took us in, which I believe was the very saving of her."

"Jenkyns!" said I.

"Yes! Jenkyns. I shall think all people of that name are kind; for here is that nice old lady who comes every day to take Phœbe a walk!"

But an idea had flashed through my head. Could the Aga Jenkyns be the lost Peter? True he was reported by many to be dead. But, equally true, some had said that he had arrived at the dignity of great Lama of Thibet. Miss Matey thought he was alive. I would make further inquiry.—*Household Words.*

MORMON MATRIMONY.

We believe the public are already apprised of the fact that the disciples of Mormonism have established an organ in this city. The second issue of this remarkable journal is before us; and as it makes some strange revelations concerning Mormon matrimony, we propose to submit a few extracts from the *Seer*. The *Seer* is under the editorial supervision, or rather the inspiration of Elder Orson Pratt. It appears monthly, and presents *by authority* a version of Mormon doctrines. The number before us settles the question of Mormon polygamy.

"From the foregoing quotations and remarks, it will be seen that the Latter-Day Saints have stricter notions of virtue, and consider themselves under greater obligations to refrain, not only from unvirtuous acts, but from unvirtuous thoughts, than any other people under heaven. But do the Saints actually demonstrate, by their practices, that they believe what the Lord has taught them upon these subjects? Do they practice virtue, as well as deliver the precepts thereof? We answer, let the practices of the thirty thousand Saints in Utah speak; let strangers who have travelled through our flourishing Territory declare; let the records of the Courts of Justice bear witness; let the injured females, if there be any, whose character and reputation have been destroyed, by the vile seducer, publish their wrongs; let illegitimate children, if Utah affords them, come forth as a public monument of our disgrace. If a house of ill-fame can be found throughout the length and breadth of our Territory, then let the Saints hide their faces in shame, and the sons and daughters of Utah blush before the heavens; if an adulterer or seducer of female virtue can be found in all that land, then let the elders be clad in sackcloth, and the Saints put on the garments of mourning, and weep before the Lord, day and night, until the evil be taken from their midst.

"But have not some of the Saints in Utah more wives than one? Yes; and they take good care of them, too; and teach them and their children the great principles of virtue and holiness by example as well as by precept. But is it not sinful for a man to have more than one wife living at the same time? If it is, the Bible has not told us of it. But is it not contrary to the Christian religion? If it is, the Christian religion has not revealed it as an evil. But do you not really think that it is contrary to the will of God for a man, in these days, to take a plurality of wives? Yes, unless God shall give them to him by a revelation through a holy prophet. Is it not contrary to the constitution and laws of the United States for the citizens of Utah to practice the plurality of wives? No; neither the constitution nor the laws of the United States have said anything on the subject of marriage or domestic relations. But is it not contrary to the laws of the territory? No; the Legislature of that Territory do not feel disposed to debar her citizens of any blessings or privileges enjoyed, under the sanction of the Almighty, by holy prophets and patriarchs of old."

We annex a minute description of the courtship and matrimonial ceremony of a gentleman when about to take upon himself the yoke of an additional spouse:

"No man in Utah, who already has a wife, and who may desire to obtain another, has any right to make any propositions of marriage to a lady, until he has consulted the President over the whole church, and through him obtains a revelation from God as to whether it would be pleasing in his sight. If he is forbidden by revelation, that ends the matter; if by revelation the privilege is granted, he still has no right to consult the feelings of the young lady until he has obtained the approbation of her parents, provided they are living in Utah; if their consent cannot be obtained, this also ends the matter. But if the parents or guardians freely consent, then he may make propositions of marriage to the young lady. If she refuse these propositions, this also ends the matter; but if she accept, a day is generally set apart by the parties for the marriage ceremony to be celebrated. It is necessary to state that, before any man takes the least step towards getting another wife, it is his duty to consult the feelings of the wife which he already has, and obtain her consent, as recorded in the 24th paragraph of the revelation, published in the first number of the *Seer*.

"When the day set apart for the solemnization of the marriage ceremony has arrived, the bridegroom and his wife, and also the bride, together with their relatives and such other guests as may be invited, assemble at the place which they have appointed. The scribe then proceeds to take the names, ages, native towns, counties, States and countries of the parties to be married, which he carefully enters on records. The President, who is the Prophet, Seer and Revelator over the whole Church throughout the world, and who alone holds the keys of authority in this solemn ordinance (as recorded in the second and fifth paragraphs of the revelation on marriage), calls upon the bridegroom and his wife, and the bride, to arise, which they do, fronting the President. The wife stands on the left hand of her husband, while the bride stands on her left. The President then puts this question to the wife: 'Are you willing to give this woman to your husband to be his lawful and wedded wife for time and for all eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing her right hand within the right hand of your husband.' The right hands of the bridegroom and bride being thus joined, the wife takes her husband by the left arm, as if in the attitude of walking. The President then proceeds to ask the following question of the man: 'Do you, brother (calling him by name), take sister (calling the bride by her name), by the right hand to receive her unto yourself to be your lawful and wedded wife, and you to be her lawful and wedded husband for time and for all eternity, and I seal upon you the blessings of the holy resurrection, with power to come forth in the morning of the resurrection, clothed with immortality, and eternal lives; and I seal upon you the blessings of thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, and exaltations, together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and say unto you be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, that you may have joy and rejoicing in your posterity in the day of the Lord Jesus. All these blessings, together with all other blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, I seal upon your heads, through your faithfulness unto the end, by the authority of the holy priesthood, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' The scribe then enters on the general record the date and place of the marriage, together with the names of two or three witnesses who were present.—*Washington Union*

Mr. Emerson and the Concord Coterie.—It was in the year 1845 that a circle of persons of various ages, and differing very much in everything but sympathy, found themselves in Concord. Toward the end of the Autumn Mr. Emerson suggested that they should meet every Monday evening through the Winter in his library. "Mons Aubepine," "Miles Coverdale," and other phantoms, since generally known as Nathaniel Hawthorne, who then occupied the Old Manse—the inflexible Henry Thoreau, a scholastic and pastoral Orson, then living among the blackberry pastures of Walden Pond—Plato Skimpole, then sublimely meditating impossible summer-houses in a little house upon the Boston road—the enthusiastic agriculturist and Brook Farmer already mentioned, then an inmate of Mr. Emerson's house, who added the genial cultivation of a scholar to the amenities of the natural gentleman—a sturdy farmer, neighbour, who had bravely fought his weary way through inherited embarrassments to the small success of a New England husbandman; and whose faithful wife had seven times merited well of her country—two city youths, ready for the fragments from the feast of wit and wisdom—and the host himself, composed this club. Ellery Channing, who had that Winter harnessed his Pegasus to the New York *Tribune*, was a kind of corresponding member. The news of this world was to be transmitted through his eminently practical genius, as the club deemed itself competent to take charge of tidings from all other spheres. I went, the first Monday evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained, but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, "Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?" It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent social genius, without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners upon the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Alcott invaded the Sahara of silence with a "saying," to which, after a due pause, the honourable member for blackberry pastures responded by some keen and graphic observations, while the Olympian host, anxious that so much good material should be spun into something, beamed smiling encouragement upon all parties. But the conversation became more and more staccato. Miles Coverdale, a statue of night and silence, sat, a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and, as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes and suit of sables made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories, while the shifting presence of the Brook Farmer played like heat-lightning around the room. I recal little else but a grave eating of russet apples by the erect philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into night. The club struggled through three Monday evenings. Plato was continually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver; for such was the rich ore of his thoughts, coined by the deep melody of his voice. Orson charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden woods—while Emerson, with the zeal of an engineer trying to dam wild waters, sought to bind the wide-flying